





Both young men, and maidens; old men,  
and children:

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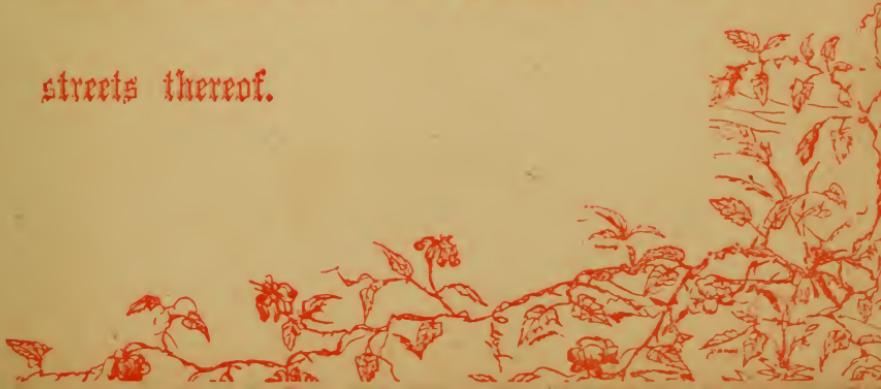
I will praise the name of God with a song,  
and will magnify him with thanksgiving.



And all thy children shall be taught  
of the Lord; and great shall be the  
peace of thy children.

-+-

And the streets of the city shall be  
full of boys and girls playing in the  
streets thereof.



<sup>Fresh '91</sup>  
ittle Charles & William Mudge - '92  
Princeton N.J.

A SELECTION OF



# SPIRITUAL SONGS

WITH MUSIC,

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

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## PREFACE.

THE COMPILER of this work takes great pleasure in announcing the completion of his original plan by the issue of the third selection of Spiritual Songs for the worship of God. These are all now offered to the Christian public for use in the three departments of religious work and devotion: I. Spiritual Songs for the Church and Choir: II. Spiritual Songs for Social Meetings: III. Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school. The advantage of such a series of Manuals, which, in the singing of the people, young and old, together, will at once elevate the taste and increase the interest of all, must be apparent at a glance.

He has sought and had, in this instance, the efficient aid of Mr. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, whose long experience in practical Sunday-school work has rendered the help he could bring to the study and arrangement of the pieces, of the greatest value. His own contributions have enriched the volume, while his musical skill and taste have ensured accuracy in all the details of compilation. In the preparation of both hymns and tunes the assistance he has afforded is gratefully acknowledged.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

NICAEA.

1. Holy, holy, ho - ly! Lord God Al-mighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! mer-ci - ful and mighty! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

1

*The Trinity.*

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide  
thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not  
see;  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth  
and sky and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

## UPWARD WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING.



1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si-lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the never changing pole;

*Organ.*



Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest,— Lift I now my long-ing soul.



2

*"Lord of lords."*

UPWARD where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent in their turning,  
Round the never changing pole;  
Upward where the sky is brightest,  
Upward where the blue is lightest,—  
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair:  
Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy—  
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted:  
Lord of lords, and King of kings!  
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,  
Son of God, they own, they own him,  
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at his blessed feet:  
Poor the praise that now we render,  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before his throne we meet.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex - celling,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling;  
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal - va-tion,

FINE.

All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown: Je-sus! thou art all com-passion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
En-ter ev - ery trembling heart.

## 3 . . . Invocation.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,—  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus! thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find the promised rest:  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive!  
Speedily return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be:  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee!  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## 4 Prayer for Help.

SAVIOUR, King, in hallowed union,  
At thy sacred feet we bow;  
Heart with heart, in blest communion,  
Join to crave thy favor now!  
Though celestial choirs adore thee,  
Let our prayers as incense rise;  
And our praise be set before thee,  
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,  
Oft have cheered us on our way;  
By thy power and grace unceasing,  
We continue to this day.  
Raise we then with glad emotion,  
Thankful lays: and while we sing,  
Vow a pure, a full devotion  
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story  
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,  
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,  
On the youthful heart to move!  
Oh, that he, the ever-living,  
May descend as fruitful rain;  
Till the wilderness reviving,  
Blossoms as the rose again.

## GOD ETERNAL, LORD OF ALL.

MESSIAH.

1. God eternal, Lord of all! Lowly at thy feet we fall: All the world doth worship thee; We amidst the throng would be.  
All the holy angels cry, Hail, thrice-holy, God most high! Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud anthem ours.

5

*"Te Deum."*

God eternal, Lord of all!  
Lowly at thy feet we fall:  
All the world doth worship thee;  
We amidst the throng would be.  
All the holy angels cry,  
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!  
Lord of all the heavenly powers,  
Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,  
Night and day, continual praise;  
Hast thou not a mission too  
For thy children here to do?  
With the prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine;  
For thou hast to babes revealed  
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of thy cross are heard to boast;  
Since so bright the crown they wear,  
We with them thy cross would bear.  
All thy church, in heaven and earth,  
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—  
Seated on the judgment-throne,  
Number us among thine own!

6

*"In Excelsis."*

GLORY be to God on high,—  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.  
Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!  
Hail, the everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—  
God of power, and God of love!  
Christ our Lord and God we own,—  
Christ the Father's only Son;  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,  
Take, oh, take our sins away!  
Powerful Advocate with God!  
Justify us by thy blood.  
Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,  
Art with thy great Father one;  
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—  
One supreme eternal Three.

# O GOD, THE ROCK OF AGES.

7

1. O God, the Rock of A-ges, Who evermore hast been, What time the tempest rages, Our dwelling-place serene :  
Be-fore thy first cre-a-tions, O Lord, the same as now, To endless gen-er - a-tions, The Ev-er-last-ing thou !

*Psalm 90.*

7  
O God, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:  
Before thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations,  
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die:  
A sleep, a dream, a story,  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail!  
On us thy mercy lighten,  
On us thy goodness rest,  
And let thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

8

*Tr. from a Bohemian Carol.*

To God let all sing praises  
For this our day of joy,  
His gift to us from heaven;  
Let songs each tongue employ.  
Fulfilled is now the promise,  
To us is given a Child,  
To make his people holy,  
To cleanse a world defiled.

2 Our Saviour is a warrior,  
He comes for victory;  
And yet the conqueror's mother  
A virgin meek shall be.  
To God again sing praises;  
Extol his wondrous grace;  
Give thanks, the Saviour cometh,  
And we shall see his face.

3 We welcome thee, O Saviour,  
Thou hope of every heart;  
Though thine's a life of sorrow,  
Thine every bitter smart,  
Thou art the world's one jewel—  
How bright thy glories shine!  
Thou art thy people's Saviour,  
Sweet Saviour, thou art mine.

## PRAISE THE LORD! PRAISE HIM!

1. Praise the Lord! praise him! Men and angels u - nite in hap - py song; Praise the Lord! praise him!

Sing Je-hovah's praises loud and long! Praise him, ye heavens! Praise him, ye stars of light! Praise him, ye mountains! oh, praise him day and night!

Praise the Lord! praise him! Men and an - gels, u - nite in hap - py song! Praise the Lord! praise him! Sing Je - ho - vah's praises loud and long.

9

*Psalm 148.*

- PRAISE the Lord! praise him!  
Men and angels, unite in happy song!  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and long!  
Praise him, ye heavens! praise him, ye stars of light!  
Praise him, ye mountains! oh, praise him day and night!
- 2 Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Praise his name, for his promises are sure;  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
For his mercies ever shall endure.

Praise him, ye children! men, maidens, old and young!  
Kings bow before him from every land and tongue.

- 3 Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince of Peace!  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
May Jehovah's praises never cease!  
Sing ye his glory, send forth his name abroad;  
Tell the glad story of this our mighty God.

## THOU WHO ART ENTHRONED ABOVE.

9

HOLLINGSIDE.

S.

1. Thou who art enthroned above, Thou by whom we live and move! Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
D. S.—All thy favors to rehearse,

FINE.

D. S.

To resound thy praise in song! When the morning paints the skies, When the sparkling stars a - rise,  
And give thanks in grateful verse.

10

*"God on High."*

Thou who art enthroned above,  
Thou by whom we live and move!  
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
To resound thy praise in song!  
When the morning paints the skies,  
When the sparkling stars arise,  
All thy favors to rehearse,  
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
When devotion fills the breast,  
When we dwell within thy house,  
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;  
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
Fill its courts with joyful praise;  
With repeated hymns proclaim  
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,  
O thou only good and wise!  
Who thy wonders can declare?  
How profound thy counsels are!  
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;  
Grateful fervors still inspire;  
All our powers, with all their might,  
Ever in thy praise unite.

1\*

11

*"Ever Faithful."*

LET us with a joyful mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
Let us sound his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God  
Who by wisdom did create  
Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain  
How to rise above the main;  
Who, by his commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
Caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day his course to run;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need;  
Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.  
He his mansion hath on high,  
'bove the reach of mortal eye;  
And his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

## NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

NUN DANKE.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces; { Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re - joic - es; } Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

12

*Bounteous Care.*

NOW THANK we all our God,  
With heart, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom the world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
To keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.  
3 All praise and thanks to God  
The Father, now be given;  
The Son, and him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven!  
The one eternal God,  
Whom heaven and earth adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be ever more.

13

*Beneficence.*

To THEE, O God, we raise  
Our voice in choral singing;  
We come with prayer and praise,  
Our hearts' oblations bringing;  
Thou art our fathers' God,  
And ever shalt be ours;  
Our lips and lives shall laud  
Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew  
On Hermon's hill descending,  
Is every morning new,  
And tells of love unending.  
We bless thy tender care  
That led our wayward feet,  
Past every fatal snare,  
To streams and pastures sweet.  
3 We bless thy Son, who bore  
The cross, for sinners dying;  
Thy Spirit we adore,  
The precious blood applying.  
Let work and worship send  
Their incense unto thee;  
Till song and service blend,  
Beside the crystal sea.

1. Hal - lu - jah! fair-est morning! Fairer than our words can say! Down we lay the heavy

bur-den Of our toil and care to-day; While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vigor from a - bove.

## 14

*Morning Hymn.*

HALLELUJAH! fairest morning!  
Fairer than our words can say!  
Down we lay the heavy burden  
Of our toil and care to-day:  
While this morn of joy and love  
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!  
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!  
Light upon a world of darkness

From thy blessed moments roll!  
Holy, happy, heavenly day,  
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship  
We will seek our joy to-day:  
It is then we learn the fulness

Of the grace for which we pray:  
When the word of life is given,  
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with thee be ended,  
As with thee it has begun;  
And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,  
Till earth's days and weeks are done;  
That at last thy servants may  
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

## 15

*Love to Christ.*

I WILL love thee, all my treasure;  
I will love thee, all my strength;  
I will love thee without measure,  
And will love thee right at length:  
I will love thee, Light divine,  
Till I die and find thee mine.

2 I will praise thee, Sun of Glory,  
For thy beams have gladness brought;  
I will praise thee, will adore thee,  
For the light I vainly sought;  
Praise thee that thy words so blest  
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 Be my heart more warmly glowing,  
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;  
And its love, its ardor, showing,  
Let my spirit onward tread:  
Near to thee, and nearer still,

Draw this heart, this mind, this will.  
4 I will love in joy or sorrow,  
Crowning joy! will love thee well;  
I will love to-day, to-morrow,  
While I in this body dwell:

I will love thee, Light divine!  
Till I die, and find thee mine.

## TO THY PASTURES FAIR AND LARGE.

DIJON.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge, And my couch, with tenderest care, Mid the springing grass prepare.

16

*Psalm 23.*

To THY pastures fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,  
And my couch, with tenderest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard—and that my guide.  
4 Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

## CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, Sun of Righteousness, a-rise,

Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear.

17

*Christ the Day-star.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near,  
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
If thy light is hid from me;

Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day

## SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

13

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear! It is not night, if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,

To hide thee from thy servant's eyes! { When the soft dews of kindly sleep } Be my last thought, how  
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,

sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.  
 If some poor wandering child of thine  
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
 Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

18

*Evening Song.*

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear!  
 It is not night if thou be near;  
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!  
 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My weary eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,  
 With blessings from thy boundless store;  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!  
 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take;  
 Till, in the ocean of thy love,  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HURSLEY.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear! It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

## IN THY NAME, O LORD! ASSEMBLING.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by '4'). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music features eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

1. In thy name, O Lord! as - sembling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near; Teach us to re -  
 joice with trembling; Speak, and let thy servants hear,— Hear with meekness,— Hear thy word with godly fear.

19      *"Let thy servants hear."*

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,  
 We, thy people, now draw near;  
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
 Speak, and let thy servants hear,—  
     Hear with meekness,—  
     Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord! to thee;  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be,  
     Till thy glory  
     Without clouds in heaven we see.  
 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
 Thee thy people shall adore;  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Than they could conceive before;  
     Full enjoyment,  
     Full, unmixed, and evermore.

2 Feebly now they toil in sadness,  
 Weeping o'er the waste around,  
 Slowly gathering grains of gladness,  
 While their echoing cries resound,—  
     "Pray that reapers  
 In God's harvest may abound."

3 Now, O Lord! fulfil thy pleasure,  
 Breathe upon thy chosen band,  
 And, with pentecostal measure,  
 Send forth reapers o'er our land,—  
     Faithful reapers,  
     Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

4 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
 Eager millions hither roam;  
 Lo! they wait for thy salvation;  
 Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
     By thy Spirit,  
     Bring thy ransomed people home.

5 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
 Soon the reaping time will come,—  
 Heaven and earth together keeping  
 God's eternal Harvest Home:  
     Saints and angels!  
     Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

20      *Home Missions.*

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,  
 Token of our coming Lord;  
 O'er the earth the field is whitening;  
 Louder rings the Master's word,—  
     "Pray for reapers  
     In the harvest of the Lord."

## HAIL THE DAY THAT SEESES HIM RISE.

15

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glorious to his native skies! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hal - le - lu - jah! Enters now the gates of heaven, Hal - le - lu - jah!

21

*The Lord's Day.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Glorious, to his native skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.

3 Still for us he intercedes  
His prevailing death he pleads;  
Near himself prepares a place,  
Great Forerunner of our race.

4 What, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon starry height;  
Thither our affections rise,  
Following him beyond the skies.

MILWAUKIE.

## SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

1. Saviour who thy flock art feeding With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gent-ly leading, While the lambs thy bosom share.

22

*The Good Shepherd.*

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

BLUMENTHAL.

1. Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend thine ear; Holy Spirit, come thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!  
 Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I thy mercy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

## 23

*Divine Presence.*

HOLY Father, hear my cry;  
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;  
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh;  
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!  
 Father, save me from my sin;  
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;  
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;  
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;  
 Spirit, come my heart to move;  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!  
 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou  
 One Jehovah, shed abroad  
 All thy grace within me now;  
 Be my Father and my God!

3 Praise our glorious King and Lord,  
 Angels waiting on his word,  
 Saints that walk with him in white,  
 Pilgrims walking in his light:  
 Glory to the Eternal One,  
 Glory to his Only Son,  
 Glory to the Spirit be  
 Now, and through eternity.

## 24

*Holy, holy, holy.*

HOLY, holy, holy Lord  
 God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,  
 Out of darkness, at thy word  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All thy works before thee stood,  
 And thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sung with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore;  
 Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

## A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

17

EIN' FESTE BURG.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing: Our Helper he, a - mid the flood  
 Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work his woe;  
 His craft and power are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

25

*God our Refuge.*

- A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing:  
 Our Helper he, amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work his woe;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.  
 2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing.  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
 Christ Jesus, it is he;  
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And he must win the battle.

- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us.  
 The prince of darkness grim,—  
 We tremble not for him;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,—  
 One little word shall fell him!  
 4 That word above all earthly powers—  
 No thanks to them—abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also:  
 The body they may kill;  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is for ever.

## PRAISE THE LORD IN SONG!

1. Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim Glo - ri - fy him now and ev - er; Laud and  
D.C.—Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim Glo - ri - fy him now and ev - er; Laud and

hon - or be to his ho - ly name, For his mer - cy fail - eth nev - er.  
hon - or be to his ho - ly name, For his mer - cy fail - eth nev - er.

Let the white-robed host of the realms a - bove Strike their harps in ad - o - ra - tion,  
*Instrument.*

While the choirs of earth to Re - deem - ing Love Give the praise of their sal - va - tion.

D.C.

26

*Redemption.*

- Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim How the Saviour came from the heavenly throne  
Glorify him now and ever; To a world in darkness lying;  
Laud and honor be to his holy name, How he bore our sins on the cross alone,  
For his mercy faileth never: To redeem our souls from dying.
- 3 Yet again in song be his name adored,  
For the beams of life and healing  
In the light that shines from the Holy Word,  
All a Father's love revealing.
- Ere we reach the home of the pure and blest,  
And the soul's eternal leisure,  
If we come to Christ, he will give us rest,  
And the peace that knows no measure.
- Let the white-robed host of the realms above Strike their harps in adoration;
- While the choirs of earth to *Redeeming Love* Give the praise of their salvation.
- 2 Hallelujahs swell from the old and young,  
Little child and patriarch hoary;  
And enraptured be every human tongue,  
When we tell the old sweet story—

1. Worship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness; Bow down be-fore him, his glo - ry pro-claim;

With gold of o -bedience and in - cense of low - li-ness, Kneel and a - dore him; the Lord is his name!

**27***"Beauty of Holiness."*

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowli-  
ness,

Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of careful-  
ness,  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-  
fulness,

Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slender-  
ness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldest reckon as  
thine;

Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling  
and fearfulness,

He will accept for the Name that is dear;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearful-  
ness,  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our  
fear.

**28***The Promise.*

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-  
ing!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have  
lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-  
ing;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morn-  
ing,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;  
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;  
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are spring-  
ing,

Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ring-  
ing,

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the  
ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fallen the engines of war and commotion;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## ON OUR WAY REJOICING.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, Homeward as we move, Harken to our prais-es, O thou God of love!

Is there grief or sad-ness, Firm our trust shall be; Is our sky be - clouded, Light shall come from thee!

**REFRAIN.**

On our way re - joic - ing, Homeward as we move, Harken to our prais-es, O thou God of love.

29

*Glad Thanksgiving.*

On our way rejoicing,  
Homeward as we move,  
Harken to our praises,  
O thou God of love!  
Is there grief or sadness,  
Firm our trust shall be;  
Is our sky beclouded,  
Light shall come from thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day thou find us  
Doing what we can,  
Thou, who givest seed-time,  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown our heads with blessing,  
Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ hath triumphed,  
Vanquished is our foe;  
On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go!  
Christ without—our safety;  
Christ within—our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing,  
Now and evermore!

By permission.

1. In the ear - ly light of the morn-ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high! From the  
lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful praises fly. Sing praises, glad praises,  
Sing, chil-dren, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the lof - ty skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

CHORUS.  
Lift the voice of praise on high!  
Let the joyful praises fly.  
Sing, chil-dren, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the lof - ty skies,  
And ex - ult in God our King.

30

*Children's Praise.*

In the early light of the morning bright,  
Lift the voice of praise on high;  
From the lips of youth to the God of truth,  
Let the joyful praises fly.

2 Let his praise be spread for the Lamb who  
To deliver us from woe;

He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;  
Let his praises ever flow.  
3 Now exalted high, o'er the earth and sky,  
He delights in mercy still;  
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,  
And our longing souls to fill.

STOCKWELL.

## MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav-iour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove!

31

*Benediction.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union,  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

## ASCENSION HYMN:

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An - gel voices ring, Pearly gates are opened, O - pened for the King.  
 Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To his throne a-bove.

CHORUS.

All his work is end-ed, Joy - ful-ly we sing; Je-sushath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!

*Christ's Ascension.*

GOLDEN harps are sounding,  
 Angel voices ring,  
 Pearly gates are opened,  
 Opened for the King.  
 Christ, the King of Glory,  
 Jesus, King of love,  
 Is gone up in triumph  
 To his throne above.

CHO.—All his work is ended,  
 Joyfully we sing;  
 Jesus hath ascended!  
 Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,  
 He who bled and died,

Now is crowned with gladness  
 At his Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die,  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Is gone up on high.

3 Praying for his children  
 In that blessed place,  
 Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them his grace;  
 His bright home preparing,  
 Little ones, for you;  
 Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.

FABEN.

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its fulness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry  
giv-en, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho-ly Lord! Heaven is still with an-thems ring-ing; Earth takes  
up the angels' cry, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

## 33

*God's Holiness.*

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
While our thoughts his greatness raises,  
And our love his gifts excite:

With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

## LET US SING, WITH ONE ACCORD.

1. Let us sing, with one accord, Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord, He hath made us by his power; He hath kept us to this hour.

REFRAIN.  
Sing! sing! sing! oh, sing Jehovah's praises, sing! sing!

Sing his praises, sing his praises, sing his praises, sing! Sing his praises, sing his praises, sing Jehovah's praise.

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## 34

*Praise to Jesus.*

LET us sing, with one accord,  
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord,  
He hath made us by his power;  
He hath kept us to this hour.

2 He redeems us from the grave,  
He who died now lives to save;  
Hearts and voices let us raise,  
He is worthy whom we praise.

3 Angels praise him, so will we,  
Sinful children though we be;  
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,  
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

4 Dear to him is childhood's prayer,  
Children's hearts to him are dear;  
Hearts and voices let us raise,  
He is worthy whom we praise.

## LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

## SHEPHERD.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Bid us now depart in peace; Still on heavenly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase.

By permission.

## 35

*Dismissal.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise;  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

1. God is love; that an - them old - en Sing the glorious orbs of light, In their language glad and golden,  
Telling to us day and night Their great story, blessed sto - ry, God is love, and God is might.

### 36 *Creation's Praise.*

God is love; that anthem olden  
Sing the glorious orbs of light,  
In their language glad and golden,  
Telling to us day and night  
Their great story, blessed story,  
God is love, and God is might!

2 And the teeming earth rejoices  
In that message from above,  
With ten thousand thousand voices  
Telling back from hill and grove  
Her glad story, glorious story,  
God is might, and God is love!

3 Through these anthems of creation,  
Struggling up with gentle strife,  
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,  
To the world with blessings rife,  
Tell their story, precious story,  
God is love, and God is life!

4 Up to him let each affection  
Daily rise, and round him move;  
Our whole lives one resurrection  
To the life of life above;

Our glad story, wondrous story,  
God is life, and God is love!

### 37

*God, our Father.*

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing  
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending;  
Pleasure that can never cloy;

Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

## I CANNOT KEEP FROM SINGING.

1. I came to Je - sus poor and weak, In faith my sins con-fess-ing, And there be -

fore a throne of grace, I sought and found a blessing; And since that time, each golden hour Some

new de-light is bringing; My Saviour's love to me is great! I can-not keep from singing.

38

*A full Heart.*

I CAME to Jesus poor and weak,  
In faith my sins confessing,  
And there before a throne of grace,  
I sought and found a blessing;  
And since that time, each golden hour  
Some new delight is bringing;  
My Saviour's love to me is great!  
I cannot keep from singing.

2 I feel a calm and constant peace,  
All earthly joy excelling;  
I know the temple of my heart  
Is now the Spirit's dwelling;

And while away to Pisgah's top,  
My thoughts their flight are winging,  
Such visions burst upon my sight,  
I cannot keep from singing.

3 Oh, precious healing stream that flows  
From Christ, the living fountain!  
Oh, blessed radiance from the cross,  
The cross on Calvary's mountain!  
I fancy I can almost hear  
The angel chorus ringing;  
Oh, hallelujah! praise the Lord!  
I cannot keep from singing.

1. God is love! ye na-tions hear him; God is love! a-dore, re-vere him; God is love! ye  
 need not fear him; His is ten-derest love. God is love! and he is ho-ly;  
 Ne-ver false, he lov-eth tru-ly; Loveth all, the high and low-ly, With his yearning love.

CHORUS.

39

*God is Love!*

God is love! ye nations, hear him;  
 God is love! adore, revere him;  
 God is love! ye need not fear him;  
     His is tenderest love.  
 God is love! and he is holy;  
 Never false, he loveth truly;  
 Loveth all, the high and lowly,  
     With his yearning love.

2 God is love! the breezes bring it;  
 God is love! the bell-tones ring it;  
 God is love! the song-birds sing it:  
     God is perfect love.  
 And the ocean as it foameth;  
 And the wild wind as it moaneth;  
 And each season when it cometh,  
     Tells us God is love.

3 Every passing breath of even,  
 Every object under heaven,  
 All the story he hath given,  
     Whispers "God is love!"  
 Though the aching heart is sighing,  
 Though life's dearest hopes are dying,  
 There's an undertone replying—  
     "God is lasting love."

4 Yes, the clouds that float through ether,  
 And the stars that shine forever,  
 Ev'n the frost-chain and the fever,  
     Tell us "God is love."  
 Can we, then, crush each desire,  
 Bathed in holy, heavenly fire,  
 Ever reaching high and higher,  
     To that God of love?

## HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son! Hail, in the time ap -

point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pression, To

set the cap-tive free; To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.

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40

*Christ's Kingdom.*

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth:  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever;  
That name to us is Love.

1. We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Fa - ther's love, For all our comforts here, And  
better hopes a - bove: He sent his own e - ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

- 41**           *The Trinity.*
- WE give immortal praise  
For God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above:  
He sent his own eternal Son  
To die for sins that we had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live:  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The undivided Three,  
The great and glorious One:  
Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith prevails and love adores.

- 42**           *Love.*
- OH, for a shout of joy,  
Worthy the theme we sing;  
To this divine employ  
Our hearts and voices bring;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, the eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,  
Of seraphs bright and fair,  
Or bow at thy right hand,  
And pay their homage there;  
But strive in vain with loudest chord,  
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.
- 3 Yet sinners saved by grace,  
In songs of lower key,  
In every age and place,  
Have sung the mystery,—  
Have told in strains of sweet accord,  
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.
- 4 Though earth and hell assail,  
And doubts and fears arise,  
The weakest shall prevail,  
And grasp the heavenly prize,  
And through an endless age record  
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

BEMINSTER.

1. Now may he who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep.

43

*Closing Benediction.*

Now may he who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night.

## ANGELS HOLY, HIGH AND LOWLY.

1. An-gels ho - ly, high and lowly, Sing the praises of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv - ing  
na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Gre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

44

*Universal Adoration.*

ANGELS holy, high and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord!  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moon-  
Starry temples, azure-floored; [light;  
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,  
Sons of God that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Rolling river praise him ever,  
From the mountains' deep vein poured;  
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Praise him ever, bounteous Giver;  
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
Each glad voice its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

1. God that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night;

May thine angel-guards defend us; Slumber sweet thy mer-ey send us; Ho-ly dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.

45

*Evening Hymn.*

God that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night;  
May thine angel-guards defend us;  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us;  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
And when we die,  
May we in thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie.  
When the last dread trump shall wake us,  
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With thee on high.

46

## MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.

And Jesus said—My sheep hear my voice, hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, they follow, follow

me, my sheep hear my voice, hear my voice and I know them; They follow me, and I give unto them eternallife.

## DREAD MAJESTY ABOVE.

1. Dread Ma - jes - ty a - bove! Of prayer none else is worth - y: The an - gels near thy

throne With reverence bow be - fore thee: In love and hum - ble faith Make

thou our souls sin - cere, That we may seek thy face With thanks and ho - ly fear.

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47

*The unseen God.*

DREAD Majesty above!  
Of prayer none else is worthy:  
The angels near thy throne,  
With reverence bow before thee:  
In love and humble faith  
Make thou our souls sincere,  
That we may seek thy face  
With thanks and holy fear.

2 Thou art the highest good,  
To every ill a stranger;  
Thy bliss, complete in thee,  
Of change can fear no danger;  
All glory too is thine;  
Nor creatures great or small  
Thy glory can increase,  
Great Maker, Lord of all!

3 What we, immortal King!  
Are of thy nature knowing,  
Thou hast thyself revealed,  
Thy works and counsel showing;  
Creation speaks thy power—  
More clearly still, thy Son  
Displays thy wondrous grace,  
And makes the Godhead known.

4 Yet what we learn of thee,  
With shadows here is shrouded;  
But soon we hope for light  
And vision all unclouded,  
When we to God shall come,  
No shade or vail between;  
And there his glory see,  
As we ourselves are seen.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest; What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!

When Christ, the God of grace in love de - scends, And kindly holds com-mun - ion with his friends.

## 48

*Communion in love.*

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!  
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast  
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends  
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;

Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:  
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

## OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

## 49

*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will  
be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them  
that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

2\*

## FROM EVERY STORMY WIND THAT BLOWS.

STOWELL.

*Solo-Soprano.*

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev - - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

CHORUS.

1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev - - ery swell - ing tide 'of woes,

By permission.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be -neath the mer - cy-seat.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be -neath the mer - cy-seat.

50

*The Mercy-Seat.*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;—  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
 A place, than all besides, more sweet;  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around' one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sense and sin molest no more,  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
 This bounding heart forget to beat,  
 If I forgot the mercy-seat!

1. Lord of earth ! thy forming hand Well this beauteous frame hath planned; Woods that wave and hills that tower, Ocean  
 rolling in his power, All that strikes the gaze unsought, All that charms the lonely thought: Yet, amid this  
 scene so fair, Should I cease thy smile to share, What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but thee?

## 51

*Longing for God.*

LORD of earth ! thy forming hand  
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned;  
 Woods that wave and hills that tower,  
 Ocean rolling in his power,  
 All that strikes the gaze unsought,  
 All that charms the lonely thought:  
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,  
 Should I cease thy smile to share,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I on earth but thee ?

2 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight  
 Shines a world of purer light;  
 There in love's unclouded reign  
 Parted hands shall meet again,  
 While immortal music rings

From unnumbered seraph-strings:  
 Oh, that world is passing fair!  
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I in heaven but thee ?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast  
 Seeks in thee its only rest;  
 I was lost; thy accents mild  
 Homeward lured thy wandering child:  
 Source of every joy I know,  
 Solace of my every woe!  
 Oh, if once thy smile divine  
 Ceased upon my soul to shine,  
 What were earth or heaven to me ?  
 Whom have I in each but thee ?

## OUR LORD IS GOD FOREVER.

1. Our Lord is God for - ev - er; Ex - alt him King of kings. His mercy faileth nev - er, My

soul ex - ultant sings. His love no good de - ni - eth, He knows my feeble frame, And ev - ery need sup -

## REFRAIN.

pli - eth; Thrice ho - ly is his name. Our Lord.... is God, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

Our Lord is God for - ev - er,

Our Lord is God for-ev - er, Ex-alt him King of kings; Ex-alt him, ex-alt him, Ex-alt him King of kings.

Exalt him, exalt him King of kings.

52

*King of Kings.*

OUR Lord is God forever;  
Exalt him King of kings!

His mercy faileth never,

My soul exultant sings.

His love no good denieth,  
He knows my feeble frame,

And every need supplieth;  
Thrice holy is his name.

2 In bitterest temptations  
He doth my strength renew;

His tender consolations  
Are neither small nor few.

Though trials overtake me,  
And duties seem severe,  
My Lord shall not forsake me,  
My soul shall never fear.

3 Round thee my life is twining;  
My only stay thou art;  
Upon thy strength reclining  
I draw me near thy heart.

Oh, show me thy salvation,  
And tell me thou art mine;  
And in thy new creation  
Make me forever thine!

By permission.

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;

Be-yond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

53

*The Living Word.*

BREAK thou the bread of life,  
Dear Lord, to me;  
As thou didst break the loaves  
Beside the sea;  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek thee, Lord;  
My spirit pants for thee,  
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,  
To me—to me—  
As thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee;  
Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall;  
And I shall find my peace,  
My All-in-All.

## TELL ME, WHOM MY SOUL DOOTH LOVE.

By permission.

1. Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where thy flock are feeding; Where the pastures which they rove—Thou their footsteps lead-ing?

54 *Cant. 1: 7.*

TELL me, whom my soul doth love,  
Where thy flock are feeding;  
Where the pastures which they rove—  
Thou their footsteps leading?  
2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,  
Where at noon they rest them;  
Where at night their safe retreat—  
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong is thy protecting arm;  
Richly thou providest;  
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—  
Blest the flock thou guidest.  
4 Noon and night be my defence;  
Let no foe ensnare me;  
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—  
In thy bosom bear me.

## A GLORY GILDS THE SACRED PAGE.

**MANOAH.**

1. A glo-ry gilds the sacred page, Ma - jes-tic, like the sun; It gives a light to ev-ery age;—It gives, but borrows none.

55

*The World's Light.*

- A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;—  
It gives, but borrows none.  
2 The hand, that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise —  
They rise, but never set.  
3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.  
4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

56

*Psalm 119.*

- HOW SHALL the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.  
2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.  
3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.  
4 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK DIVINE.

**KNOX.**

1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

57

*Psalm 119.*

- HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.  
2 O'er all the strait and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast;  
A light whose never weary ray  
Grows brightest at the last.

- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.  
4 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath-ered beams of a - ges shine;  
And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age, But makes its brightness more di - vine,

58

*"And be glorified."*

UPON the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.  
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar;  
And, as it soars, the Gospel light  
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,  
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—  
4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

## HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.

SCUDAMORE.

1. Holy Bible, book divine; Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.

59

*The Holy Scripture.*

HOLY Bible, book divine;  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.  
2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.  
4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

CASKEY.

1. O word of God in - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, unchang-ing,  
D. S.—A lan-tern to our foot-steps,

O Light of our dark sky!  
Shines on from age to age.

By permission.

FINE.

D. S.

We praise thee for the radiance That from the hallowed page,  
Shines on from age to age.

## 60

*The Church's Gift.*

O WORD of God incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky!  
We praise thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

- 2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.

## 61

*Psalm 19.*

THE heavens declare his glory,  
Their Maker's skill the skies;  
Each day repeats the story,  
And night to night replies.  
Their silent proclamation  
Throughout the earth is heard;  
The record of creation,  
The page of nature's word.

- 2 So pure, so soul-restoring,  
Is truth's diviner ray;  
A brighter radiance pouring  
Than all the pomp of day:  
The wanderer surely guiding,  
It makes the simple wise;  
And, evermore abiding,  
Unfailing joy supplies.
- 3 Thy word is richer treasure  
Than lurks within the mine;  
And daintiest fare less pleasure  
Yields than this food divine.  
How wise each kind monition!  
Led by thy counsels, Lord,  
How safe the saints' condition,  
How great is their reward!

THE ANCIENT STORY.

1. Ev - er would I fain be reading, In the an - cient ho - ly book, Of my Saviour's gen - tle  
 pleading, Truth in ev - ery word and look. How when children came he blessed them, Suffered  
 no man to re - prove; Took them in his arms and pressed them To his heart with words of love.

62

*The Saviour in the Word.*

EVER would I fain be reading,  
 In the ancient holy book,  
 Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,  
 Truth in every word and look.  
 How when children came he blessed them,  
 Suffered no man to reprove;  
 Took them in his arms and pressed them  
 To his heart with words of love.

2 Still I read the ancient story,  
 And my joy is ever new;  
 How for us he left his glory,  
 How he still is kind and true.  
 Let me kneel, my Lord! before thee,  
 Let my heart in tears o'erflow,  
 Melted by thy love, adore thee,  
 Blest in thee mid joy or woe.

63

*"Only little ones."*

God of heaven! hear our singing:  
 Only little ones are we,  
 Yet, a great petition bringing,  
 Father, now we come to thee:  
 Let thy kingdom come, we pray thee!  
 Let the world in thee find rest;  
 Let all know thee and obey thee—  
 Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

2 Let the sweet and joyful story  
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
 Wake on earth a song of glory,  
 Like the angels' song above:  
 Father, send the glorious hour,  
 Every heart be thine alone!  
 For the kingdom and the power  
 And the glory, are thine own!

## HOW SWEET IS THE BIBLE.

1. How sweet is the Bi - ble! how pure is the light That streams from its pa - ges di - vine! 'Tis a  
star that shines soft thro' the gloom of the night,—Of jewels a wonder-ful mine. 'Tis bread for the hun -  
ry, 'tis  
food for the poor, A balm for the wounded and sad,—'Tis the gift of a Father—his likeness is there,  
And the hearts of his children are glad. The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble, the Bi-ble! More precious than silver and gold!

REFRAIN.

## 64

*The Word of God.*

- How SWEET is the Bible! how pure is the light 2 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in  
That streams from its pages divine!  
'Tis a star that shines soft through the gloom  
of the night,—  
Of jewels a wonderful mine.  
'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the  
poor,  
A balm for the wounded and sad,—  
'Tis the gift of a Father—his likeness is there,  
And the hearts of his children are glad.
- It speaks to the sinner distressed,—  
The tempest is hushed! o'er the sea comes a  
The troubled and weary find rest. [calm—  
Oh, teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for thy face,  
To me let thy welcome be given;  
Now speak to my heart some kind message of  
grace,  
And words that shall guide me to heaven.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry, Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy  
sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth; Wondrous is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.

65

*Wonderful Book.*

- Book of grace, and book of glory!  
Gift of God to age and youth,  
Wondrous is thy sacred story,  
Bright, bright with truth.
- 2 Book of love! in accents tender  
Speaking unto such as we;  
May it lead us, Lord, to render  
All, all to thee.

- 3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,  
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,  
As it hears the Saviour crying,  
"Come, come to me!"
- 4 Book of life! when we, reposing,  
Bid farewell to friends we love,  
Give us, for the life then closing,  
Life, life above.

## GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ST. SYLVESTER.

1. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd, Lit - the ones are dear to thee: Gathered with thine arms, and carried In thy bosom may we be.

66

*Christ Leading.*

- GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to thee;  
Gathered with thine arms, and carried  
In thy bosom may we be.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From thy fold to go astray;

- By thy look of love directed,  
May we walk the narrow way.
- 3 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth thy children sing,  
May we with thy saints in glory  
Join to praise our Lord and King.

## SAVIOUR, ON THIS LITTLE BAND.

1. Saviour, on this lit-tle band, Gathered here to learn of thee, Now in bless-ing lay thy hand;

Touch our eyes that we may see, Shin-ing through thy Ho-ly Word, Light and life from thee, O Lord!

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67

*The Living Word.*

SAVIOUR, on this little band,  
Gathered here to learn of thee,  
Now in blessing lay thy hand;  
Touch our eyes that we may see,  
Shining through thy Holy Word,  
Light and life from thee, O Lord!

2 From the bounty of thy store  
Daily may our souls be fed;  
Lest we hunger, evermore  
Give us of the heavenly bread;  
May our souls be strong, O Lord!  
With the manna of thy word.

3 With the water of thy love  
Now our earthen pitchers fill,  
Flowing from thy throne above,  
Free to "whosoever will;"  
From this fountain of thy word  
We would drink and live, O Lord!

4 All our blessings come from thee,  
Christ, the Living Word from heaven!  
All our powers to do or be  
To thy service shall be given:  
May thy presence with us still  
Make us wise to learn thy will.

68

*The Narrow Way.*

LORD, thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway rough and steep  
Through this weary wilderness:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,  
Decked with golden-fruited trees—  
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest—  
Holy Jesus! day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, grant us grace Our Master's will to know; The field is rip - ening now apace, The  
harvest soon will glow: Let sunshine o-ver the furrows fall, With plentiful showers of rain; And help us to  
hope for the angels' call To gather sheaves of grain. Christ is the Lord! his faithful word Shall golden harvest bring;  
And they who have toiled here early and late, Shall never fail at the lifted gate, But enter with their King, But enter with, &c.

CHORUS.

69

*Coming with sheaves.*

HEAVENLY Father, grant us grace  
Our Master's will to know;  
The field is ripening now apace,  
The harvest soon will glow:  
Let sunshine over the furrows fall,  
With plentiful showers of rain;  
And help us to hope for the angels' call  
To gather sheaves of grain.  
CHO.—Christ is the Lord! his faithful word  
Shall golden harvest bring;

And they, who have toiled here early and late,  
Shall never fail at the lifted gate,  
But enter with their King!  
2 Glorious greetings wait the blest,  
Who heed the Lord's command;  
The servants share in the Master's rest,  
And stand at his right hand;  
For God hath spoken it long ago—  
What every true heart believes—  
That they, who with weeping go forth to  
Shall come again with sheaves. [sow,

## SOW THY SEED AND NEVER FEAR.

1. Sow thy seed and never fear, Nev-er fear, never fear! Tho' the prospect may be drear, Never, never fear!

Fal-ter not through unbelief—First the blade, and then the leaf; After that, the ripened sheaf—Never, never fear.

70

*Work and pray.*

Sow thy seed and never fear,  
Never fear, never fear!  
Though the prospect may be drear,  
Never, never fear!  
Falter not through unbelief—  
First the blade, and then the leaf;  
After that, the ripened sheaf—  
Never, never fear.

2 Labor on through cold and heat,  
Labor on, labor on!  
Though with weary hands and feet,  
Labor, labor on!  
Life is brief, the field is wide;  
Rest will come at eventide;  
Jesus watcheth at thy side,  
Labor, labor on!

3 Still with patient trust and care  
Work and pray, work and pray!  
Let the Master tell thee where,  
Work, and trust, and pray!  
He will guide thee with his eye;  
Not a seed of truth can die;  
Sure of harvest by and by,  
Work, oh, work to-day!

71

*Work and Trust.*

Is thy pathway often drear?  
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!  
His right hand is ever near,  
Though thy sight be dim;  
What though dangers round thee press—  
Friends desert and foes distress?  
Never doubt his lovingness;  
Leave thy way with him.

2 When with fear thy spirit quakes,  
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!  
Jesus knows the way he takes,  
Walk with him by faith:  
Clinging to his mighty arm,  
Let no foe thy soul alarm,  
He will keep thee safe from harm,  
Constant unto death.

3 Then go singing on thy way,  
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!  
He will turn thy night to day—  
Every sorrow share;  
Grace for every need is stored  
By the promise of his word;  
“Cast thy burden on the Lord,”  
None can perish there!

## WE BRING NO GLITTERING TREASURE.

47

1. We bring no glittering treas - ures, No gems from earth's deep mine; We come, with simple  
meas - ures, To chant thy love di - vine. Chil - dren, thy fa - vors shar - ing,  
Their voice of thanks would raise; Fa - ther, accept our of - fering, Our song of grate - ful praise.

72

*Grateful Praise.*

We bring no glittering treasures,  
No gems from earth's deep mine;  
We come, with simple measures,  
To chant thy love divine.  
Children, thy favors sharing,  
Their voice of thanks would raise;  
Father, accept our offering,  
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,  
Love's written word of truth,  
To us is early given,  
To guide our steps in youth;

We hear the wondrous story,  
The tale of Calvary;  
We read of homes in glory,  
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!  
Oh, teach us how to pray,  
That each, thy fear possessing,  
May tread life's onward way;  
Then, where the pure are dwelling  
We hope to meet again,  
And, sweeter numbers swelling,  
Forever praise thy name.

## WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

SEMI-CHORUS.

73 1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his

lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arms spread

His arm

o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we  
 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our  
 3. And the choir of an - gels with song a-waits Our march to the gold-en Zi - on; For our

put to flight the armies of night That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may  
 ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword—the Incarnation, Our watchword—the In - car -  
 Cap - tain has broken the brazen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of

## CHORUS.

greet him. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us. With his  
na - tion.  
i - ron.

All verses ex -  
cept the last | Last verse only.

loving eye looking down from the sky, And his holy arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, o'er us.

His arm

## TRAVELING TO THE BETTER LAND.

1. Traveling to the better land, O'er the desert's scorching sand, Father, let me grasp thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!

74

TRAVELING to the better land,  
O'er the desert's scorching sand,  
Father! let me grasp thy hand;  
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,  
I the sparkling fountain greet,  
Make the bitter water sweet;  
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,  
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,  
And her wells, as crystal clear:  
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,  
Never let me fall or tire,

Every step brings Canaan nigher:  
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,  
Gaze upon the land of light,  
Then, transported with the sight,  
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Never let me fear nor shrink;  
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:  
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,  
And eternal life begun,  
Up to glory lead me on!  
Lead me on, lead me on!

1. Sow the seed and wait with patience; Leave it in the Father's care: Dew he giv-eth, rain he send-eth,  
Cool-ing breeze, and sunlit air; O'er the ti-ny seed he watcheth, From the germ to fruit-age fair.

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## 75

*Sow the Seed.*

Sow THE seed, and wait with patience;  
Leave it in the Father's care:  
Dew he giveth, rain he sendeth,  
Cooling breeze, and sunlit air;  
O'er the tiny seed he watcheth,  
From the germ to fruitage fair.

2 Who can know the wondrous working—  
Who but God who drew the plan—  
Ere the dry and withered seedlet,  
Bursting forth to view of man,  
Shows at length its hidden glory,  
Cheers us by its life's short span?

3 Ah! we know not, yet God knoweth;  
Wisely hath he planned it all;  
Sow the seed, then wait with patience  
Till God's rain and sunshine fall;  
Springing forth but at his bidding,  
It shall surely hear his call.

4 Sow the seed, then, Christian worker,  
Be not weary-hearted grown,  
Leave it with thy Lord; he knoweth  
Every pang that thou hast known;  
Sow the seed; thy Father watcheth  
O'er the seed that thou hast sown.

## 76

*"Faint, yet Pursuing."*

LORD, in whose eternal counsels  
Past and future are as one,  
With thy grace and thy protection  
Bless thy work in us begun;  
By our hands maintain thy conflict,  
Till the victory be won.

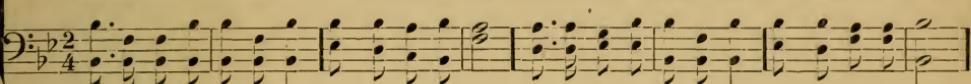
2 With thy glory for our watchword,  
And our confidence in thee,  
In thy might our weakness prospered;  
Faint, yet not distressed are we;  
Still in hope, by faithful warfare,  
Thy co-heirs of joy to be.

3 Great thy work for us already,  
Lord, wherein we now rejoice:  
Oh, with thy sure help forever  
Bless the people of thy choice!  
Make us follow where thou goest,  
Faithful to our Shepherd's voice.

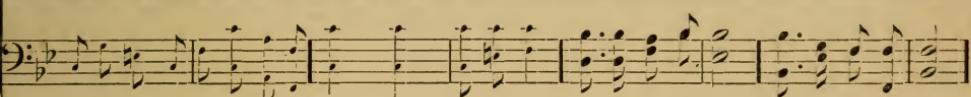
4 So to thee, O loving Father!  
So to thee, incarnate Son!  
So to thee, creator Spirit!  
Ever Three and ever One—  
Be the glory of the wonders  
Which thy hand alone hath done!



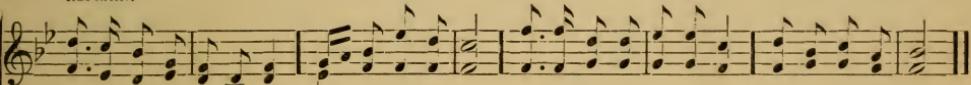
1. Pass the word a-long the line; Tell it, friend to friend: Christ our Captain goes before, Leads us to the end:—



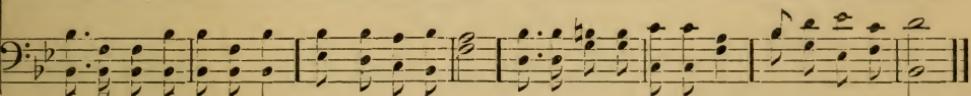
He who all the danger knows, All the strength of all our foes; Christ our Lord and Friend, Christ our Lord and Friend.



REFRAIN.



Forward, then, where Jesus leads! Full of hope and cheer, Bear the standard of the Cross! Who shall faint or fear?



77

*The Order for Advance.*

Pass the word along the line:

Tell it, friend to friend:

Christ our Captain goes before,

Leads us to the end:—

He who all the danger knows,

All the strength of all our foes,

Christ our Lord and Friend!

REF.—Forward, then, where Jesus leads!

Full of hope and cheer,

Bear the standard of the cross!

Who shall faint or fear?

2 He who goes where Jesus leads,

Never goes astray;

He who Jesus' order heeds,

Always gains the day;

He, who falters not, shall be

Led to glorious victory,

By a glorious way!

3 Pass the word along the line:

Lo! the promised land

Ye shall enter and possess,

By his mighty hand:

Courage, then! ye must not fail;

Strongest foes cannot prevail;

Jesus has command!

## DEATH WORKETH—LET ME WORK TOO.

1. Death worketh—let me work too; Death un-do - eth—let me do! Bus-y as death, my work I ply,  
 Till I rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty; Till I rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty.

Slow.

78

*Redeem the Time.*

DEATH worketh—let me work too;  
 Death undoeth—let me do!  
 Busy as death, my work I ply,  
 Till I rest in the rest of eternity.  
 2 Time worketh—let me work too;  
 Time undoeth—let me do!

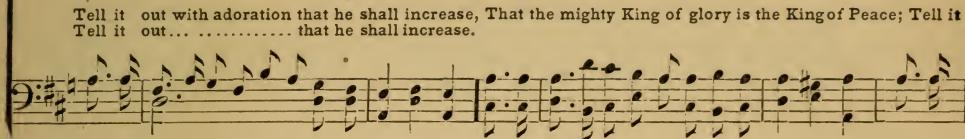
Busy as time, my work I ply,  
 Till I rest in the rest of eternity.  
 3 Sin worketh—let me work too;  
 Sin undoeth—let me do!  
 Busy as sin, my work I ply,  
 Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

## TELL IT OUT.

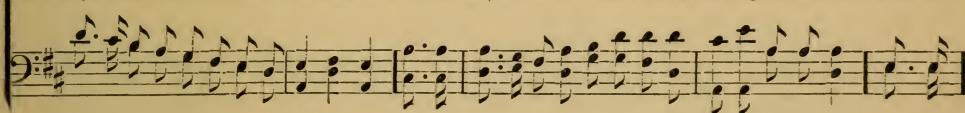
1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it out!..... Tell it out!

FINE.

Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell..... it out!



out with ju-bi-la-tion, though the waves may roar, That he sitteth on the water-floods, our King forevermore; Tell it



## 79

*The Lord is King.*

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save;

Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing!

Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that he shall increase, That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!

Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,

Tell it out! Tell it out!

That he sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;

Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains,

Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

## HARK! 'T IS THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.

1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, "Wake, brethren, wake!" Je-sus himself is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night! Ye are children of the light; Yours is the glory bright; Wake, brethren, wake!

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CHORUS.—*The first four lines of each stanza.*

Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, "Wake, brethren, wake!" Je-sus himself is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

80

*Earnest Calls.*

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,  
"Wake, brethren, wake!"  
Jesus himself is nigh,  
Wake, brethren, wake!  
Sleep is for sons of night;  
Ye are children of the light;  
Yours is the glory bright;  
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each wakening band,  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Be ye as men that wait.  
Always at their Master's gate,  
Ev'n though he tarry late;  
Watch, brethren, watch!

3. Heed we the steward's call,  
"Work, brethren, work!"  
There's room enough for all;  
Work, brethren, work!  
This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labor will afford;  
He will your work reward;  
Work, brethren, work!

4 Sound now the final chord!  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
Thrice holy is the Lord;  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
What more befits the tongues  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs?  
Praise, brethren, praise!

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bear-ing precious seed in love, Nev-er tir-ing,  
 nev-er sleeping, Fin-deth mer-cy from above. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce-  
 les-tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Through an in-fluence all di-vine.

81

*Psalm 126: 6.*

He that goeth forth with weeping,  
 Bearing precious seed in love,  
 Never tiring, never sleeping,  
 Findeth mercy from above.  
 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
 Bright the rays celestial shine;  
 Precious fruits will thus be given,  
 Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.  
 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!  
 See the rising grain appear;  
 Look again! the fields are whitening,  
 For the harvest time is near.

82

*Eccl. xi: 1.*

CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
 Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
 God himself saith, thou shalt gather  
 It again some future day.  
 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Wildly though the billows roll,  
 They but aid thee as thou toilest  
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated,  
 To some distant island lone,  
 So to human souls benighted,  
 That thou flingest may be borne.  
 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
 Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
 If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

1. Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, a - rise! His providence is leading, The land before you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning, Invite the reaper's toil.

83

*Home Missions.*

OUR country's voice is pleading,  
Ye men of God, arise!  
His providence is leading,  
The land before you lies;  
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,  
And promise clothes the soil;  
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking  
On California's shore,

Christ's precious gospel taking,  
More rich than golden ore;  
On Alleghany's mountains,  
Through all the western vale,  
Beside Missouri's fountains,  
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed on from east to west,  
Till all, his cross beholding,  
In him are fully blest.  
Great Author of salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day,  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy sceptre shall obey.

84

*Words of Cheer.*

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread,  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head!  
The cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due:  
The crown that Jesus wear eth,  
He wear eth it for you.

2 The faith by which ye see him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all trouble  
To him alone will turn—  
What are they but forerunners,  
To lead you to his sight?  
What are they save the effluence  
Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure:—  
What are they, but his jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder,  
Set up to heaven on earth?

## WOULD YOU GAIN THE BEST IN LIFE?

57

KEEP STEP EVER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your place through troubles rife?  
With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you; Be sin - cere in all you do;  
With the good, the pure, and true, Ev - er firm, keep step! Keep step, Keep step, ev - er,  
Keep step, Keep step ev - er, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step ev - er.

CHORUS.

85

*"Keep step ever."*

Would you gain the best in life?  
Win the prize 'mid all the strife?  
Hold your place through troubles rife?

With the right keep step!  
Know the world is watching you;  
Be sincere in all you do;  
With the good, the pure and true,  
Ever firm keep step!

2 Life is more than idle play;  
It will quickly pass away;  
Use aright each golden day;  
With the good keep step!

3\*

There are earnest pressing needs,  
Filled alone by purest deeds;  
Happy he the call who heeds—  
With the true keep step!  
3 Look beyond the present hour;  
Never yield to Satan's power;  
Though above the clouds may lower,  
With the truth keep step!  
Onward press! nor, on the way,  
Loiter once or waste the day:  
God and truth and right all say,  
"Strong in faith, keep step!"

## GOD MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

1. God make my life a lit-tle light, With-in the world to glow; A lit-tle flame that burneth bright, Wher-ev-er I may go!

God make my life a lit-tle flower, That giveth joy to all; Content to bloom in na-tive bower, Al-though its place be small!

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86

*A little child's Prayer.*

God make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;  
A little flame that seemeth bright,  
Wherever I may go!  
God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all;  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small.

2 God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest;  
That so what breath and strength I have,  
May serve my neighbor best!  
God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise;  
Of faith that never waxeth dim  
In all his wondrous ways!

## DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

1. Day by day we mag-ni-fy thee, Not in words of praise alone; Truthful lips and meek o-be-dience Show thy glo-ry in thine own.

87

*Deeds not words alone.*

Day by day we magnify thee,  
Not in words of praise alone;  
Truthful lips and meek obedience  
Show thy glory in thine own.  
2 Day by day we magnify thee,  
When for Jesus' sake we try

Every wrong to bear with patience,  
Every sin to mortify.  
3 Day by day we magnify thee,  
Till our days on earth shall cease;  
Till we rest from these our labors,  
Waiting for thy day in peace.

## GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

59

STOUGHTON.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode:  
D. S.—With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

88

*"Glorious things."*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

## LORD OF ALL WORLDS.

SAVANNAH.

1. Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear, Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;  
 Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind, And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

89

*The Latter Day Glory.*

LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,  
 Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;  
 Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
 And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,  
 Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;  
 From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,  
 Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no  
 more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness  
 mourn,  
 Then happy nations in a day be born;  
 From east to west thy glorious Name be one,  
 And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

4 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;  
 Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;  
 Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,  
 And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea!

90

*The Fulness of the Gentiles.*

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
 kings,  
 While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de-  
 cay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains;  
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in common time (indicated by '3/4') and the fourth staff is in 2/4 time. The key signature is one flat. The vocal line begins with a melodic line in the soprano range, accompanied by a harmonic bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. A 'CHORUS' section begins with a bass line, followed by a soprano line, and concludes with a bass line. The lyrics for the chorus are: 'comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock. On the Rock, on the Rock, Resting safe - ly on the Rock; On the Rock, the sol-id Rock, Rest-ing safe - ly on the Rock.'

91

*On the Rock.*

Out amid the waves of ocean,  
 Raging oft in wild commotion,  
 Kept securely I am singing,  
 For to Christ my soul is clinging,  
 Safe when comes the tempest's shock,  
 Resting on the solid Rock.

2 What though darkness now surround me?  
 What though winds be howling round me,  
 Threatening with desolation?  
 Christ the Rock is my salvation!  
 Calm amid the wildest shock,  
 On the everlasting Rock.

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me?  
 Satan's hosts cannot alarm me!  
 Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,  
 Sweetly is my soul reposing,  
 Sheltered from the fiercest shock,  
 By the ever-blesséd Rock.

4 Praise the Rock of our salvation!  
 With increasing adoration,  
 Laud and bless his name forever,  
 From whose love no force can sever!  
 Saved, we wait the final shock  
 On the strong eternal Rock.

## REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS!

1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are  
thickening, And dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is ad - vanc - ing; Each  
hour he draws more nigh; Up! watch and pray, nor slum - ber; At midnight comes the cry.

92

*"Your lamps trimmed."*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!  
And let your lights appear;  
The shades of eve are thickening,  
And darker night is near;  
The Bridegroom is advancing;  
Each hour he draws more nigh;  
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;  
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Your vessels filled with oil;  
Wait calmly your deliverance  
From earthly pain and toil:  
The watchers on the mountains  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
Go, meet him, as he cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience  
Their cross and sufferings bore,  
With him shall reign forever,  
When sorrow is no more:

Around the throne of glory  
The Lamb shall they behold,  
Adoring cast before him  
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear!  
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of our redemption,  
And ever be with thee.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light—

An - gel harps, for - - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

93

*"Lord of Might."*

ANGEL voices, ever singing  
Round thy throne of light—  
Angel harps, forever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night;  
Thousands only live to bless thee,  
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!

- 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
Of thine own to thee;  
And for thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthyly,  
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
In our choicest melody.
- 4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blesséd Trinity!  
Of the best that thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven render thee!

## THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

1. The prize is set be - fore us— To win, our Lord implores us! The eye of God is o'er us, From on

high, from on high! His lov - ing tones are fall - ing, While sin is dark, ap - pal - ling; 'Tis

## CHORUS.

Je - sus gen' ly call - ing—He is nigh, he is nigh. By and by we shall meet him, By and

by we shall greet him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and

by we shall meethim, By and by we shall greethim, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

94

*Triumph by and by.*

THE prize is set before us—  
To win, our Lord implores us,  
The eye of God is o'er us,  
    From on high!

His loving tones are falling,  
While sin is dark, appalling;  
'Tis Jesus gently calling—  
    He is nigh.

2 We follow where he leadeth—  
We pasture where he feedeth—  
We yield to him who pleadeth  
    From on high:

For naught from him can sever;  
Our hope shall brighten ever;  
And faith shall fail us never—  
    He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us;  
No trials there to move us,  
But Christ our Lord to love us,  
    Dwells on high:  
We give our best endeavor;  
We praise his name forever;  
His precious words can never—  
    Never die.

## CHRISTIAN! SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.

1. Christian! seek not yet repose; Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of foes;— Watch and pray, Watch, &c.

REFRAIN.     Watch and pray,

Watch and pray, watch and pray, and pray, Yes, watch and pray, watch and pray, Watch and pray,     Watch and pray.

Watch and pray, Watch and pray,

95

*"Watch and pray."*

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes;—  
    Watch and pray!

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on;  
Near thee ever, night and day,  
Ambushed lies the evil one;—  
    Watch and pray!

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;

All with warning voice exclaim—  
    "Watch and pray!"

4 Hear above all—hear thy Lord!  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart his word—  
    "Watch and pray!"

5 Watch—as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down;  
    Watch and pray!

## ARE YOU SOWING THE SEEDS OF MERCY?

1. Are you sowing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day? Are you helping to point the sin-ner  
CHO.—Are you sowing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day? Are you helping to point the sin-ner

FINE.

To the true and on - ly way? Are you sowing be - side all wa-ters? What are you sow-ing,  
To the true and on - ly way?

sowing to-day? Deeds of kindness, a warm heart proving? What are you sowing, sowing to - day?  
Cho.—D. C.

96

*What are you Sowing?*

ARE you sowing the seeds of mercy,  
Fellow pilgrim! day by day?  
Are you helping to point the sinner  
To the true and only way?  
Are you sowing beside all waters?  
    What are you sowing to-day?  
Deeds of kindness, a warm heart proving?  
    What are you sowing, sowing to-day?

2 Are you sowing in life's bright morning?  
Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?  
Trusting unto the Lord till evening  
All this precious seed to keep?

Haste! the field even now is ready:  
    What are you sowing to-day?  
Soon the time will be gone forever:  
    What are you sowing, sowing to-day?  
  
3 Are you sowing the seeds of kindness,  
Bringing forth the golden grain?  
Are you telling in words so tender  
    Of the Lamb for sinners slain?  
Soon the harvest will all be gathered:  
    What are you sowing to-day?  
Hear the voice of the Master saying,  
    “What are you sowing, sowing to-day?”

GERHARDT.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scorn-ful - ly sur -  
round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What  
bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

97

*At the Cross.*

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserved thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me thine forever,  
Nor let me faithless prove:  
Oh, let me never, never,  
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near when I am dying,  
Oh, show thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely—through thy love.

## FOLLOW THOU ME!



REFRAIN.

ing to hear thee say Whether thou wilt his word o - bey. Je - sus is say - ing,

"Fol - low thou me! No more de-lay - ing, straightway o-bey - ing— Fol - low, fol - low me!"

98

*Christ's Call.*

"Follow thou me!" is the Master's word:  
Hast thou the gospel message heard?  
Lo! he is waiting to hear thee say  
Whether thou wilt his word obey.

REF.—Jesus is saying, "Follow thou me!  
No more delaying, straightway obeying—  
Follow, follow me!"

<sup>2</sup> "Follow thou me!" and "take up thy cross!"  
Jesus now calls; count all but loss!  
Follow him now: why longer stray,  
Wandering from God another day?

<sup>3</sup> "Follow thou me!" for, though dark the way,  
Soon it shall lead to endless day:  
Bearing the cross till thou lay down  
All of thy burdens, for thy crown!

## HOLY FATHER, CHEER OUR WAY.

1. Holy Father, cheer our way With thy love's perpetual ray; Grant us, every closing day, Light at evening time.

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1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a lis - tening ear; When we bow be -

fore thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear! Though thou art so ho - ly,

Heaven's al - might-y King, Thou wilt deign to lis - ten, When thy praise we sing.

99

*"Save us, Lord!"*

JESUS, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear;  
When we bow before thee,  
Children's praises hear!  
Though thou art so holy,  
Heaven's almighty King,  
Thou wilt deign to listen,  
When thy praise we sing.

2 Save us, Lord from sinning;  
Watch us day by day;  
Help us now to love thee;  
Take our sins away:  
Then, when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
“Saviour, Lord, we come!”

100

*Evening Hymn.*

HOLY Father, cheer our way  
With thy love's perpetual ray;  
Grant us, every closing day,  
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,  
When earth's brightness disappears;  
Grant us, in our later years,  
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,  
When in mortal pains we lie;  
Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity!  
Darkness is not dark with thee;  
Those thou keepest always see  
Light at evening time.

## CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

DIADEMATA.

1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark! how the heavenly  
an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee: And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e-ter-ni - ty.

## 101

*"Many Crowns."*

CROWN him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee;  
And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!  
Behold his hands and side,—  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of life!  
Who triumphed o'er the grave;  
Who rose victorious in the strife  
For those he came to save:  
His glories now we sing,  
Who died and rose on high,  
Who died eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown him the Lord of heaven!  
One with the Father known,—  
And the blest Spirit through him given  
From yonder Triune throne!  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need, Je - ho - rah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.  
He brings my wandering spirit back, When I forsake his ways; And leads me for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

**102**                  *In the Fold.*  
 My Shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is his name;  
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
 Beside the living stream.  
 He brings my wandering spirit back,  
 When I forsake his ways;  
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
 In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence is my stay;  
 A word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.  
 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days;  
 Oh, may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my works be praise:  
 There would I find a settled rest,  
 While others go and come,—  
 No more a stranger, or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

**103**                  *Our Heavenly Father.*  
 My God, how wonderful thou art,  
 Thy majesty how bright,  
 How beautiful thy mercy-seat  
 In depths of burning light.  
 How dread are thine eternal years,  
 O everlasting Lord;  
 By prostrate spirits day and night  
 Incessantly adored.  
 2 How beautiful, how beautiful,  
 The sight of thee must be,  
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
 And awful purity!  
 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,  
 With deepest, tenderest fears,  
 And worship thee with trembling hope,  
 And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
 Almighty as thou art;  
 For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
 The love of my poor heart.  
 No earthly father loves like thee,  
 No mother half so mild  
 Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
 With me, thy sinful child.

## COME, JESUS, REDEEMER!

1. Come, Je - sus, Re-deem - er! a - bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir - it, that wait - eth for  
thee; Thy smile ev - ery shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

REFRAIN. Come, Saviour, come, Come, Saviour, come,  
Come, Saviour, come, Come, Saviour, come, ..... Come, Jesus, Redeemer! a - bide thou with me.

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## 104

*"Abide with me."*

- COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me; That love like sweet sunshine, my cold heart  
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee; can warm,  
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my That promise make steady my soul in the storm.  
heart,  
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled,  
smart. thy peace;  
2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart  
strong; cease;  
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,  
song; Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.  
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,  
Since thou the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.  
3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure;  
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and 5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus! who once for me died,  
sure! Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy  
side,  
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,  
And praise thee forever with rapture untold.

DARLEY.

1. O Christ! our King, Crea-tor, Lord! Saviour of all who trust thy word! To them who seek thee  
ev-er near, Now to our praises bend thine ear, Now to our prais-es bend thine ear.

**105***"King, Creator, Lord."*

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!  
Saviour of all who trust thy word!  
To them who seek thee ever near,  
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—  
It flows from every streaming wound,—  
Whose power our inbred sin controls,  
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;  
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light, •  
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,  
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,  
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;  
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,  
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,  
Great Conqueror! never more to die,  
Us by thy mighty power defend,  
And reign through ages without end.

**106***"Lord of heaven."*

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
Eternal power and glory be!  
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow  
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;  
Reign, throned beside the Father now,  
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,  
With forms more pure than spotless snow,  
From the bright burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;  
All honor to thy name belongs,  
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;  
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;  
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

## SWEETLY SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

1. Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heaven's light is not more  
 D. C.—Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heaven's light is not more

FINE.

cheer - ing, Heaven's dews are not more free: As a child, in pain or ter-ror, Hideshim in his  
 cheer - ing, Heaven's dews are not more free.

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D. C.

moth-er's breast,— As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven,— We would come to him for rest.

## 107

*Our Lord's Love.*

SWEETLY sing the love of Jesus,  
 Love for you and love for me;  
 Heaven's light is not more cheering,  
 Heaven's dews are not more free:  
 As a child, in pain or terror,  
 Hides him in his mother's breast,—  
 As a sailor seeks the haven,—  
 We would come to him for rest.

2 Softly sing the love of Jesus,  
 For our hearts are full of tears,  
 As we think how—walking humbly  
 This low earth for weary years,

Without riches, without dwelling,  
 Wounded sore by foe and friend,  
 In the garden, and in dying—  
 Jesus loved us to the end.

3 Gladly sing the love of Jesus;  
 Let us lean upon his arm;  
 If he loves us, what can grieve us?  
 If he keeps us, what can harm?  
 Still he lays his hand in blessing  
 On each up-turned seeking face,  
 And in heaven his children's angels  
 Near the throne have always place.

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1. Ga - li - lee, bright Ga - li - lee, Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee! Wo - ven through thy  
 his-to - ry, Gleams the charming mys - te - ry Of the life of One who came, Bearing grief, re -  
 proach, and shame, Sav - iour of the world to be; "God with us" by Ga - li - lee!

## 108

*The Sea of Galilee.*

GALILEE, bright Galilee,  
 Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee!  
 Woven through thy history,  
 Gleams the charming mystery  
 Of the life of One who came—  
 Bearing grief, reproach, and shame—  
 Saviour of the world to be;  
 "God with us" by Galilee.

2 Once along that rugged shore,  
 He, who all our sorrows bore,  
 Journeyed oft with weary feet,  
 Through the storm or burning heat;  
 Healing all who came in faith,  
 Calling back to life from death:  
 King of kings from heaven was he,  
 Though so poor by Galilee!

3 Wild the night on Galilee;  
 Loudly roared the angry sea,  
 When upon the tossing wave  
 Jesus walked, his own to save—  
 Calmed the tumult by his will,  
 Only saying, "Peace, be still!"  
 Ruler of the storm was he,  
 On the raging Galilee!

4 Still in loving tenderness  
 Doth the Master wait to bless;  
 Still his touch upon the soul  
 Bringeth balm and maketh whole;  
 Still he comforts mourning hearts,  
 Life, and joy, and peace imparts;  
 Still the sinner's Friend is he,  
 As of old by Galilee!

## HARK! HARK, MY SOUL.



1. Hark! hark, my soul; an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;



How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling      Of that new life when sin shall be no more.



## CHORUS.



An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrams of the night.



## 109

*The heavenly rest.*

HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swell-ing

And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ring-ing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing;

CHO.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrams of the night.

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
love.

DIX.

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; }  
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; } So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee.

## 110

*The Guiding Star.*

As with gladness men of old  
 Did the guiding star behold,  
 As with joy they hailed its light,  
 Leading onward, beaming bright;  
 So, most gracious Lord, may we  
 Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,  
 Saviour, to thy manger bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore;  
 So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 At thy cradle rude and bare,  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And, when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.

## BLESSED SAVIOUR, THEE I LOVE.

SPANISH HYMN.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Bless-ed Saviour! thee I love, All my othe-er joys a - bove; { All my hopes in thee a - bide, }  
 D.C.-Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly thee. { Thou my hope, and naught beside: }

## 111

*"Only Thee."*

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,  
 All my other joys above;  
 All my hopes in thee abide,  
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:  
 Ever let my glory be,  
 Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,  
 All my gain I count but loss;

Earthly pleasures fade away,—  
 Clouds they are that hide my day:  
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
 Jesus crucified for me.

3 Bless-ed Saviour, thine am I,  
 Thine to live, and thine to die;  
 Height or depth, or earthly power,  
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
 Ever shall my glory be  
 Only, only, only thee!

## IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - ri - ous song of old, From an - gels bending  
near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King:" The earth in solemn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

## 112

*The Angels' Song.*

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King:"  
The earth in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still celestial music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,  
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow;  
Look up! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold!  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its final splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing!

1. Light of the world, we hail thee Flushing the east-ern skies; Nev-er shall darkness vail thee A - gain from hu - man eyes; Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore, Thy light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more.

## 113

*"I am the light."*

LIGHT of the world, we hail thee  
 Flushing the eastern skies;  
 Never shall darkness vail thee  
 Again from human eyes;  
 Too long, alas, withholden,  
 Now spread from shore to shore,  
 Thy light, so glad and golden,  
 Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, thy beauty  
 Steals into every heart,  
 And glorifies with duty  
 Life's poorest, humblest part;  
 Thou robust in thy splendor  
 The simple ways of men,  
 And helpest them to render  
 Light back to thee again.

3 Light of the world, before thee  
 Our spirits prostrate fall;  
 We worship, we adore thee,  
 Thou Light, the life of all;  
 With thee is no forgetting  
 Of all thine hand hath made;  
 Thy rising hath no setting,  
 Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine  
 This darkened land of thine,  
 Till everything that's human  
 Be filled with what's divine;  
 Till every tongue and nation,  
 From sin's dominion free,  
 Rise in the new creation  
 Which springs from Love and thee.

## SHEPHERD! WITH THY TENDEREST LOVE.

THARAW.

1. { Shep - herd! with thy ten - derest love, Guide me to thy fold a - bove; }  
 Let me hear thy gen - tle voice; More and more in thee re - joice; }

From thy ful - ness grace re - ceive, Ev - er in thy Spir - it live.

114

Psalm 23.

SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,  
 Guide me to thy fold above;  
 Let me hear thy gentle voice;  
 More and more in thee rejoice;  
 From thy fulness grace receive,  
 Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,  
 For thy love no limit knows:  
 Guardian angels, ever nigh,

Lead and draw my soul on high;  
 Constant to my latest end,  
 Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labor rest;  
 Guide me while I draw my breath,  
 Guard me through the gate of death,  
 And at last, oh, let me stand  
 With the sheep at thy right hand.

## EVERLASTING ARMS OF LOVE.

THEODORA.

1. Everlasting arms of love Are beneath, around, above; He who left his throne of light, And unnumbered angels bright;—

115

*"The Everlasting Arms."*

EVERLASTING arms of love  
 Are beneath, around, above;  
 He who left his throne of light,  
 And unnumbered angels bright;—

2 He who on the accursed tree  
 Gave his precious life for me;  
 He it is that bears me on,  
 His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,  
 Earth and sea will pass away;  
 Soon will yonder circling sun  
 Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,  
 But the Changeless cannot change:  
 Gladly will I journey on,  
 With his arm to lean upon.

CUTTING.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and  
them that mourn, The faint and o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

**116***Christ for the World.*

CHRIST for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With loving zeal;  
The poor, and them that mourn,  
The faint and overborne,  
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal.  
2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed, at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;

With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

4\*

**117***Ancient Hymn.*

SHEPHERD of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth,  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant King,  
We come thy name to sing,  
And here our children bring,  
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord;  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.

3 Ever be thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song;  
Jesus, thou Christ of God,  
By thy perennial word,  
Lead us where thou hast trod,  
Our faith make strong.

4 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we thy praises high,  
And joyful sing:  
Let all the holy throng,  
Who to thy church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

## JESUS, NAME ALL NAMES ABOVE.

1. Je - sus, name all names above, Je-sus, best and dear-est, Je - sus, fount of per-fect love,  
 Ho - liest, ten - derest, near - est, Je - sus, source of grace com - pletest, Je - sus pur - est,  
 Je - sus, sweetest, Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

## 118

*A Mediæval Hymn.*

JESUS, name all names above,  
 Jesus, best and dearest,  
 Jesus, fount of perfect love,  
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest,  
 Jesus, source of grace completest,  
 Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,  
 Jesus, well of power divine,  
 Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate  
 That of old he entered  
 Who, in that most lost estate,  
 Wholly on thee ventured;  
 Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,  
 And thy passion interceding,  
 From my misery let me rise  
 To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,  
 Scourged for my transgression,  
 Witnessing, through agony—  
 That, thy good confession;  
 Jesus, clad in purple raiment,  
 For my evils making payment,  
 Let not all thy woe and pain,  
 Let not Calvary, be in vain.

4 When I reach death's bitter sea  
 And its waves roll higher,  
 Help the more forsaking me  
 As the storm draws nigher,  
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,  
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:  
 Tell me,—‘Verily I say,  
 Thou shalt be with me to-day.’

## GENTLE CHILD OF NAZARETH.

83

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1. Gen-tle child of Nazar-eth! Let his life so meek and tender Make us glad obedience render To our father  
and our mother, And be kind to one an-oth-er— Gentle child, gentle child, Gen-tle child of Nazar-eth!

119

*An ancient hymn.*

GENTLE child of Nazareth!  
Let his life so meek and tender  
Make us glad obedience render  
To our father and our mother,  
And be kind to one another—  
Gentle child of Nazareth!  
2 Wondrous boy of Nazareth!  
Let his early love for learning  
Set our youthful spirits burning

Daily to be growing wiser,  
Thou our teacher and adviser,  
Wondrous boy of Nazareth!  
3 Holy One of Nazareth!  
Help us use the powers lent us,  
Do the work of him who sent us,  
Draw to thee in closer union,  
Share thy people's blest communion;  
Holy One of Nazareth!

## THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

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1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack if I am his, And he is mine, for ev - er.

120

*Psalms 23.*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his,  
And he is mine, forever.  
2 Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul he leadeth;  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.  
4 And so, through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house forever!

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

CANA. FINE. D. C.

1. { The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; } He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest; D. C. Re-stores me when wand'r'ing, redeems when oppressed,

121

*Psalm 23.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;  
 I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;  
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed. Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

2 Through the valley and shadow of death 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!  
 though I stray, Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod  
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; Through the land of their sojourn, thy king-  
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near. dom of love.

## JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

PILOT.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, 0 - ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
 D. C. - Chart and compass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

122

*Life's Sea.*

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,  
 Over life's tempestuous sea;  
 Unknown waves before me roll,  
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Chart and compass came from thee:  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
 Boisterous waves obey thy will

When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
 May I hear thee say to me,  
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

1. O Jesus, thou the beauty art Of angel-worlds above; Thy name is music to the heart, Enchanting it with love.

123

*"Altogether lovely."*

- O JESUS, thou the beauty art  
Of angel-worlds above;  
Thy name is music to the heart,  
Enchanting it with love.
- 2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs  
Which unto thee I send;  
To thee my inmost spirit cries,  
My being's hope and end.

- 3 Stay with us Lord, and with thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.
- 4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,  
Our Life and Joy! to thee  
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given  
Through all eternity!

## JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

FATHERLAND.

1. Jesus, still lead on, till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow,  
calm and fear-less: Guide us by thy hand to our Fa - ther - land, to our Fa - ther - land.

124

*"Lead on."*

- JESUS still lead on, till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow calm and fearless;  
Guide us by thy hand to our Fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear, if the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For, through many a foe, to our home we go.

- 3 When we seek relief from a long-felt grief,  
When temptations come, alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring; [more].  
Show us that bright shore where we weep no
- 4 Jesus, still lead on, till our rest be won;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand in our Fatherland.

## HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Soft - ly through the  
si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" As of old he called the fish - ers,  
When he walked by Gal - i - lee, Still his pa - tient voice is plead-ing, "Follow, follow me!"

125

*The Call of the Disciples.*

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,  
"Follow me, follow me!"  
Softly through the silence falling,  
"Follow, follow me!"  
As of old he called the fishers,  
When he walked by Galilee,  
Still his patient voice is pleading,  
"Follow, follow me!"

2 Who will heed the holy mandate,  
"Follow me, follow me!"  
Leaving all things at his bidding,  
"Follow, follow me!"

Hark! that tender voice entreating  
Mariners on life's rough sea,  
Gently, lovingly, repeating,  
"Follow, follow me!"

3 Hearken, lest he plead no longer,  
"Follow me, follow me!"  
Once again, oh, hear him calling,  
"Follow, follow me!"  
Turning swift at thy sweet summons,  
Evermore, O Christ, would we,  
For thy love all else forsaking,  
Follow, follow thee!

## THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

87

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was

cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can - not tell

What pains he had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.

126

*Christ dying to save us.*

THERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.  
We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains he had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,  
And we must love him too,  
And trust in his redeeming blood,  
And try his works to do.  
For there's a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

## I HEARD A VOICE.

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mortal ev - er heard; Oh! how it made my  
 heart re - joice, And ev - ery feel - ing stirred! 'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild;  
 He called me to his side, And said, al - though with heart defiled, I might in him con - fide.

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127

*"The Fairest Face."*

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice  
 That mortal ever heard;  
 Oh, how it made my heart rejoice,  
 And every feeling stirred!  
 'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild;  
 He called me to his side,  
 And said, although with heart defiled,  
 I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face  
 That mortal ever saw;  
 I longed the Saviour to embrace,  
 From him new life to draw.

"Come unto me," he kindly said,  
 "And I will give thee rest;  
 The ransom-price I fully paid—  
 Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love  
 That mortal ever felt;  
 Oh, how it drew my soul above,  
 And made my hard heart melt!  
 My burden at his feet I laid,  
 And knew the joy of heaven,  
 As in my willing ear he said  
 The blessed word, "*Forgiven!*"

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle children, Knows a - bout their work and play, Helps them when they  
try to please him, Hears them al - ways when they pray, Hap - py, hap - py lit - tle chil-dren,  
Je-sus hears them when they pray! Happy, hap - py lit - tle children, Je-sus hears them when they pray!

## 128

*The Infant Class.*

JESUS loves the little children,  
Knows about their work and play,  
Helps them when they try to please him,  
Hears them always when they pray.

Happy, happy little children,  
Jesus hears them when they pray!

2 Jesus thinks about the children  
All the nights and all the days;  
Leads the little feet that follow  
Into wisdom's pleasant ways.

Happy, happy little children,  
Led in wisdom's pleasant ways!

3 He will keep them, when they ask him,  
Always patient, true and mild;  
Jesus knows about their troubles,  
He was once a little child.

Blesséd, happy little children,  
He was once a little child!

4 By and by, for those who love him,  
He will come, some happy day,—  
Lead them to the pleasant pastures  
Of the land not far away.

Oh, the safe and happy children,  
In the land not far away!

## SAVIOUR! TEACH ME, DAY BY DAY.

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1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - obey; Sweet-er les - son  
can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me. With a child-like heart of love,  
At thy bidding may I move; Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.

Rit

129

*"He first loved us."*

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving him who first loved me.  
With a childlike heart of love,  
At thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in thy grace;  
Learning how to love from thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.  
Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till thy face I see,  
Of his love who first loved me.

130

*A little child.*

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity;  
Suffer me to come to thee.  
Lamb of God, I look to thee,  
Thou shalt my example be;  
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as thou art;  
Give me thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind;  
Let me have thy loving mind.  
Let me above all fulfil  
God my heavenly Father's will,  
Never his good Spirit grieve,  
Only to his glory live.

1. Je-sus, meek and low-ly, Saviour, pure and ho-ly, On thy love re - ly - ing, Hear me humbly cry-ing!

131

*Christ on the cross.*

JESUS, meek and lowly,  
Saviour, pure and holy,  
On thy love relying,  
Hear me humbly crying!

2 Prince of life and power,  
My salvation's tower,  
On the cross I view thee,  
Calling sinners to thee.  
3 There behold me gazing  
At the sight amazing:

Bending low before thee,  
Helpless, I adore thee!  
4 By that fount of blessing  
Thy dear love expressing,  
All my aching sadness  
Turn thou into gladness.  
5 Lord, in mercy guide me!  
Be thou e'er beside me;  
In thy ways direct me;  
'Neath thy wings protect me.

## JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

1. Je - sus!—the ve - ry thought is sweet; In that dear name all heart - joys meet;

But sweet-er than sweet hon - ey far The glimps-es of his pres - ence are.

132

*Jesus' Name.*

JESUS!—the very thought is sweet;  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;  
But sweeter than sweet honey far  
The glimpses of his presence are.  
2 No word is sung more sweet than this:  
No name is heard more full of bliss:  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

3 I seek for Jesus in repose,  
When round my heart its chambers close:  
Abroad, and when I shut the door,  
I long for Jesus evermore.  
4 We follow Jesus now, and raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,  
That he at last may make us meet  
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

## HEAR THE SONG THROUGH HEAVEN RINGING.

1. Hear the song through heaven ringing, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!" Down to earth the angels bringing;

Let the people join their singing, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb! Swell the chorus; tell the story;

Blessing, honor, power and glory, Give for - ev - er to the Lamb! Give for - ev - er to the Lamb!

## 133

*The Heavenly Song.*

HEAR the song through heaven ringing,  
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!"  
Down to earth the angels bringing;  
Let the people join their singing,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!  
Swell the chorus; tell the story;  
Blessing, honor, power and glory,  
Give forever to the Lamb!

2 With his precious blood he bought us,—  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!  
Lost in sin, he came and sought us;  
To the paths of peace he brought us;—

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!  
From our sins he came to save us,  
All the wayward past forgave us;  
Praise forever to the Lamb!

3 O'er and o'er, our lips confessing,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!  
Give him honor, power and blessing,  
All we have in him possessing;  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!  
Let our lives repeat the story;  
Blessing, honor, power and glory,  
Be forever to the Lamb!

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1. Saviour, blessed Saviour! List-en while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Praises to our King!  
All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bo-dy, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to thee.

CHORUS.  
Saviour, blessed Saviour! List-en while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing, Praises to our King!

## 134

*Christ, our Leader.*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour!  
Listen while we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King!  
All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to thee.

2 Clearer still and clearer  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven:  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

3 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God:  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

4 Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour! to its goal;  
Where, in joys unthought of,  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King!

## HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light; Ho - ly night! peaceful night;

Through the darkness beams a light, Through the darkness beams a light! Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep

O'er the Babe, who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

*Rallentando.*

135

*The Birth at Bethlehem.*

HOLY night! peaceful night!  
 Through the darkness beams a light  
 Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep  
 O'er the Babe, who, in silent sleep,  
 Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!  
 Darkness flies and all is light!  
 Shepherds hear the angels sing—  
 “Hallelujah! hail the King!  
 Jesus Christ is here!”

3 Silent night! holiest night!  
 Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!  
 See the eastern wise men bring  
 Gifts and homage to our King!  
 Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!  
 Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light!  
 With the angels let us sing  
 Hallelujah to our King!  
 Jesus Christ is here!

By permission.

1. Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And, I will give you rest: Oh, bless-ed voice of

Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - pressed! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of

par-don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.

## 136

*"Come unto me."*

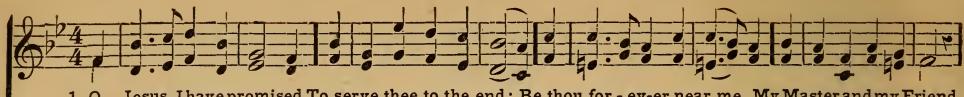
COME unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest:  
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed!  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love that cannot cease.

2 Come unto me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light:  
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night!  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But he has brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

3 Come unto me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life:  
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife!  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But he has made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

4 And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out:  
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt!  
Which calls us—guilty sinners—  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

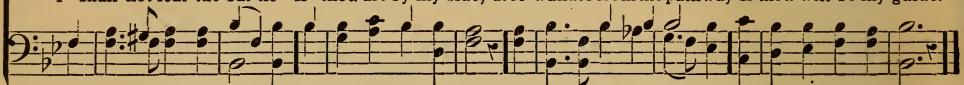
## O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.



1. O Jesus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for - ev-er near me, My Master and my Friend.



I shall not fear the bat-tle If thou art by my side, Nor wander from the pathway If thou wilt be my guide.



REFRAIN.



Tenderly lead me, Sav - iour! Tenderly lead me, Saviour! Jesus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.



Tenderly lead me, Saviour! Tenderly lead me.

## 137

*The Promise.*

O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve thee to the end;  
Be thou forever near me,  
My Master and my Friend.  
I shall not fear the battle  
If thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel thee near me—  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear.  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will.  
Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control:  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 Oh, Jesus, thou hast promised  
To all who follow thee,  
That where thou art in glory  
There shall thy servant be;  
And Jesus, I have promised  
To serve thee to the end:  
Oh, give me grace to follow  
My Master and my Friend.

1. Je-sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for-ev-er hap-py be— Happy in his

By permission.

love, He has paid the debt we owe—If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us white as snow, In his blood.

## CHORUS.

Then with joy and gladness sing; Happy, ev-er happy be ; Praises to our heavenly King—Happy in the Lord !

138

*Happy in the Lord.*

Jesus died upon the tree,  
That from sin we might be free,  
And forever happy be—

Happy in his love.

He has paid the debt we owe—  
If with trusting hearts we go,  
He will wash us white as snow,  
In his blood.

Cho.—Then with joy and gladness sing;  
Happy, ever happy be—  
Praises to our heavenly King—  
Happy in the Lord!

2 Lord, we bring our hearts to thee;  
Dying love is all our plea,

5

Thine forever we would be—

Jesus, ever thine.

Jesus smiles and bids us come,  
In his loving arms there's room;  
He will bear us safely home—  
Home above.

3 When we reach that shining shore,  
All our suffering will be o'er—  
We shall sigh and weep no more,  
In that land of love;  
But in robes of spotless white,  
And with crowns of glory bright,  
We will range the fields of light,  
Evermore.

## WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-waking cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,  
 To Jesus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!

May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Or fades my earthly bliss?  
 My comfort still is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 The night becomes as day,  
 When from the heart we say,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 The powers of darkness fear,  
 When this sweet chant they hear,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

139

*Praise to Jesus.*

WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
 My heart awaking cries,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Alike at work and prayer,  
 To Jesus I repair;  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 2 Does sadness fill my mind?  
 A solace here I find,

3 The night becomes as day,  
 When from the heart we say,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!  
 The powers of darkness fear,  
 When this sweet chant they hear,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
 The loveliest strain is this,  
 Let Jesus Christ be praised!  
 Let earth and sea, and sky,  
 From depth to height reply,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

## HUMBLE PRAISES, HOLY JESUS.

1. Humble praises, holy Jesus, Infant voices raise to thee; In thy mercy, oh, receive us! Suffer us thy lambs to be.

140

*"Suffer little Children."*

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,  
 Infant voices raise to thee:  
 In thy mercy, oh, receive us!  
 Suffer us thy lambs to be.  
 2 Blessed Jesus! thou hast bidden  
 Babes like us to come to thee,

Though by thy disciples chidden,  
 Thou didst tell them not to flee.  
 3 Saviour, condescend to feed us;  
 Richly let thy mercy flow:  
 Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus!  
 Light and life on us bestow.

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a mother laid her  
Ba-by, In a man - ger for his bed: Mary was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child.

141

*Bethlehem.*

ONCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby,  
In a manger for his bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down from earth to heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle was a stall:  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our God in heaven above;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

142

*"Jesus wept."*

JESUS wept! those tears are over,  
But his heart is still the same;  
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,  
Is his everlasting name.  
Saviour, who can love like thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.  
Surely, none can feel like thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts he solaced here.  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany.

1. Je-sus, ho-ly, un-de-filed, List-en to a lit-tle child; Thou hast sent the glo-ri-ous light, Chasing far the si-lent night.

143

*Morning Prayer.*

JESUS, holy, undefiled,  
Listen to a little child;  
Thou hast sent the glorious light  
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine  
O'er this glorious world of thine,  
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,  
On each tender flower below.

3 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
As becomes a little child,  
All day long, in every way,  
Teach me what to do and say.

4 Help me never to forget,  
That in thy great book is set  
All that children think and say,  
For the awful Judgment Day.

5 Let me never speak a word  
That will make thee angry, Lord;  
Help me so to live in love,  
As thine angels do above.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thine more truly every day,  
And when thou at last shalt come,  
Take me to thy heavenly home.

## WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the low-est deeps, For him no depth can drown.

144 *The true Test.*  
We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.

- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;

We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine!

ELLES DIE.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '4') and G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The first staff uses soprano C-clef, and the second staff uses bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of the lyrics is: "1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Nak-ed, poor, despised, forsak-en, D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion," followed by a repeat sign and another section: "Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Per-ish, ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, God and heaven are still my own!" The piece concludes with a "FINE." and a final section: "D. S. Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Per-ish, ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, God and heaven are still my own!"

145

*Bearing the Cross.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!  
Perish, every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called thee—Abba, Father!  
I have stayed my heart on thee!  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

146

*The Crown coming.*

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy, to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee!  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?  
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there:  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -

fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here: The storm may roar with - out me, My

heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

## 147

*Perfect Peace.*

In heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here:  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack:

His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim:  
He knows the way he taketh,  
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been:  
My hope I cannot measure;  
My path to life is free;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1. When, marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One star a lone of all the train,  
D. S.—But one a lone the Saviour speaks,—

FINE.

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks From every host, from every gem;  
It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

D. S.

## 148      "They saw the Star."

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blew  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm and danger's thrall  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

## 149      God's Leading.

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

## REFRAIN.—

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!  
By his own hand he leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me!

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

- 3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory's won,  
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, send thy bless-ing On thy chil - dren gath-ered here; May they all, thy  
 name con-fess-ing, Be to thee for - ev - er dear. Ho - ly Sav-iour, who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be; Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless, and make them like to thee.

150

*The Spirit's blessing.*

HEAVENLY Father, send thy blessing  
 On thy children gathered here;  
 May they all, thy name confessing,  
 Be to thee forever dear.  
 Holy Saviour, who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be;  
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
 Bless, and make them like to thee.

2 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,  
 In thine arms and on thy breast;  
 Through life's desert dark and dreary  
 Bring them to thy heavenly rest.  
 Spread thy wings of blessing o'er them,  
 Holy Spirit, from above;  
 Guide, and lead, and go before them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and love.

151

*God's Perfections.*

God, my King, thy might confessing,  
 Ever will I bless thy name;  
 Day by day thy throne addressing,  
 Still will I thy praise proclaim.  
 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
 Works by love and mercy wrought—  
 Works of love surpassing measure,  
 Works of mercy passing thought.

2 Full of kindness and compassion,  
 Slow to anger, vast in love,  
 God is good to all creation;  
 All his works his goodness prove.  
 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,  
 Thee shall all thy saints adore;  
 King supreme shall they confess thee,  
 And proclaim thy sovereign power.

## GUIDANCE.

1. Ho-ly Ghost! dis-pel our sadness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness!

Breathe thy life, and spread thy light: Come, thou best of all do-na-tions God can give, or we im-plore!

Having thy sweet con-so-la-tions, We need wish for nothing more; We need wish for nothing more.

## 152

*The Spirit sought.*

HOLY GHOST! dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness!  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:  
Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give, or we implore!  
Having thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more.

2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send:

5\*

Author of the new creation!  
Come, with unction and with power;  
Make our hearts thy habitation;  
On our souls thy graces shower.

3 Manifest thy love forever;  
Fence us in on every side;  
In distress be our Reliever;  
Guard and teach, support and guide:  
Hear, oh, hear our supplication,  
Loving Spirit, God of peace!  
Rest upon this congregation,  
With the fulness of thy grace!

## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father! all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

153

*"One in Three."*

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father! all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness!  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

154

*"Let there be light."*

THOU! whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,—  
Oh, now to all mankind,  
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove!  
Speed forth thy flight:  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place,  
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and holy Three,  
All-glorious Trinity,—  
Wisdom, Love, Might!  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,—  
"Let there be light!"

S. O. SPERBER, 1880, by Scribner & Co.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics for the first section are: "1. While on thy heart is fall - ing The Sav - iour's gen - tle call - ing," followed by a repeat sign. The second staff continues with "Come, come to - day!" and "Come, come to - day!" The third staff concludes with "Ere e - vil's hold is strong - er," followed by a repeat sign. The fourth staff begins with "When thou wilt heed no long - er," and ends with "Why not o - obey? Why not to - day?" The fifth staff concludes with a final "Why not to - day?"

## 155

*The Spirit's Striving.*

WHILE on thy heart is falling  
 The Saviour's gentle calling,  
 Come, come to-day!  
 Ere evil's hold is stronger,  
 When thou wilt heed no longer,  
 Why not obey?  
 Why not to-day?

2 Thy heart is sorely needing  
 To listen to his pleading—  
 Wherefore delay?  
 Will waiting bring thee nearer,  
 Or make thy vision clearer  
 To see the way?  
 Oh, come to-day!

3 Behold, the Spirit knoweth  
 What strong temptation growtheth  
 Across thy way:  
 And prayer for strength in trial  
 Hath never met denial;  
 Oh, then, to-day  
 Turn not away?

4 Neglected, scorned, and hated,  
 Was ever friend who waited  
 Such long delay?  
 Oh, come, thy wrong confessing,  
 Nor put thy day of blessing  
 Too far away:  
 Oh, come to-day!

1. Hail! thou God of grace and glo-ry! Who thy name hast mag-ni - fied,... By redemp-tion's wondrous  
 sto - ry, By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied; Thanks to the-e for ev - ery blessing, Flow-ing from the  
 Fount of love; ..... Thanks for present good un - ceas-ing, And for hopes of bliss a - bove.

## 156

*The Baptism of the Spirit.*

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!  
 Who thy name hast magnified,  
 By redemp-tion's wondrous story,  
 By the Sav-iour crucified;  
 Thanks to thee for every blessing,  
 Flowing from the Fount of love;  
 Thanks for present good unceasing,  
 And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,  
 Near thy bright and burning throne,  
 We invoke thee, God most holy!  
 Through thy well-belovéd Son;

Send the baptism of thy Spirit,  
 Shed the pentecostal fire;  
 Let us all thy grace inherit,  
 Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,  
 With the sevenfold cord of love;  
 Breathe a spirit of communion  
 With the glorious hosts above;  
 Let thy work be seen progressing;  
 Bow each heart, and bend each knee,  
 Till the world, thy truth possessing,  
 Celebrates its jubilee.

## HOLY SPIRIT! HEAR US.

109

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! hear us On this Sabbath day; Come to us with bless - ing,

Come with us to stay: Come, as once thou cam - est To the faith - ful

few, Pa - tient - ly a - wait - ing Je - sus' prom - ise true.

## I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.



1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us



From the ac-cursed load: I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crimson stains White,



in his blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains, White, in his blood most precious, Till not a stain remains.



The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, the third a treble clef, and the fourth a bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily using quarter note time signatures. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing above the notes in a cursive font. The first section includes the first stanza and a 'REFRAIN'. The second section includes the second stanza and a concluding section. The music concludes with a final section.

1. Oh, come to the mer-ci - ful Saviour that calls you, Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;

Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you, There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.

REFRAIN.

Oh, come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended To fold his dear children in closest embrace;

Oh, come, for your ex - ile will shortly be ended, And Je - sus will show you his beau-ti - ful face.

161

*"His beautiful face."*

Oh, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,  
 Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and for-  
 gets;  
 Though dark be the fortune on earth that be-  
 falls you,  
 There's a bright home above where the sun  
 never sets.  
 2 Come, come to his feet and lay open your  
 story  
 Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of  
 shame;

For the pardon of sin is the crown of his  
 glory,  
 And the joy of our Lord to be true to his  
 name.  
 3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy  
 grows brighter  
 The longer you look at the depths of his love;  
 And fear not—'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow  
 lighter  
 As you think of the home and the glory  
 above.

## CHILDHOOD'S YEARS ARE PASSING O'ER US.

1. Childhood's years are passing o'er us, Youthful days will soon be done; Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
 Hid-den dan-gers, snares unknown. Oh, may he who, meek and low-l-y, Trod him-self this  
 vale of woe, Make us his, and make us ho-ly, Guard and guide us while we go.

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## 162

*The Crown of Life.*

CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,  
 Youthful days will soon be done;  
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.  
 Oh, may he who, meek and lowly,  
 Trod himself this vale of woe,  
 Make us his, and make us holy,  
 Guard and guide us while we go.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,  
 "Little children, follow me!"  
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling;  
 Teach us all to follow thee.  
 Soon we part—it may be never,  
 Never here to meet again;  
 Oh, to meet in heaven forever!  
 Oh, the crown of life to gain!

## 163

*Guidance.*

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us  
 Through this lonely vale of tears,  
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,  
 Till our last great change appears;  
 When temptation's darts assail us,  
 When in devious paths we stray,  
 Let thy goodness never fail us,  
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
 In the hour when death draws near,  
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
 Suffer not our souls to fear;  
 And when mortal life is ended,  
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
 Tell, by angel bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows; How sweet the breath be -

neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The

paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

164     *"In the way he should go."*

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
     How fair the lily grows;  
     How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
     Of Sharon's dewy rose.  
     Lo, such the child whose early feet  
         The paths of peace have trod,  
     Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
         Is upward drawn to God.
- 2 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
     The lily must decay;  
     The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
         Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
     Of man's maturer age  
     May shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
         And stormy passion's rage.

3 O thou, whose infant feet were found  
     Within thy Father's shrine,  
     Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
         Were all alike divine!  
     Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
         We seek thy grace alone,  
     In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
         To keep us still thine own.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp, and treble clef. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and  
 peace pos-sess-ing, From the sinner's dy - ing Friend, Tru-ly bless - ed is this sta-tion, Low be -  
 fore his cross to lie, While we see di - vine com-passion Beam-ing in his gracious eye.

165

*Before the cross.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross we spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.  
 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie,  
 While we see divine compassion  
 Beaming in his gracious eye.

2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,  
 With our tears his feet we bathe;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

For thy sorrows we adore thee,  
 For the pains that wrought our peace;  
 Gracious Saviour! we implore thee  
 In our souls thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
 While upon the Lamb we gaze;  
 And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
 And our lips o'erflow with praise.  
 Still in ceaseless contemplation,  
 Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,  
 Till we taste thy full salvation,  
 And, unvailed, thy glories see.

1. Sav - iour, I am will - ing now, Lo, I come to thee! In di - vine com -

passion thou Cam-est un - to me: Long, without my pris-on-gate. Thou didst watch, and

call, and wait; Oh, I thank thee, not too late, Thou wilt set me free!

## 166

*Willing at Last.*

SAVIOUR, I am willing now,  
Lo, I come to thee!  
In divine compassion thou  
Camest unto me.  
Long, without my prison-gate,  
Thou didst watch, and call, and wait;  
Oh, I thank thee, not too late,  
Thou wilt set me free!

2 What am I, who seek thy face,  
Burdened with my grief?  
What have I, to claim thy grace—  
I, of sinners chief?

Can it be thou wilt relieve?  
Can it be thou wilt receive?  
Blesséd Jesus, I believe—  
Help my unbelief!

3 Why should I thy mercy doubt?  
Through my fleeting years  
Thou hast stood and knocked without,  
Sought my soul with tears:  
Now, at last, I will obey;  
Trust in thee to choose my way—  
Saviour, hold my hand, I pray,  
While I follow thee!

## LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE PERFECTLY WHOLE.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev - er to live in my soul;

Breakdown every i - dol, cast out ev-ery foe; Now washme, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now washme, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

## 167

*Cleansing from Sin.*

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
I want thee forever to live in my soul;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than  
snow;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in  
the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;

I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;  
By faith, for my cleansing I see thy blood flow—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought thee, thou never  
said'st No—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

1. Give up all for Je-sus, Weary child of sin! What are earthly pleasures, If his love you win?

What are all the rich-es That the world can give, When compared to heaven, Where the just shall live?

## REFRAIN.

Give up all for Je-sus; Oh, take sal-va-tion free! Give up all for Je-sus; He gave his life for thee!

168

*Give up all.*

GIVE up all for Jesus,  
Weary child of sin!  
What are earthly pleasures,  
If his love you win?  
What are all the riches  
That the world can give,  
When compared to heaven,  
Where the just shall live?

2 Give up all for Jesus!  
He is calling you;  
Trust in his salvation,  
He will lead you through;  
Jesus' blood so precious  
Can for you avail;  
Plead his gracious promise,  
It shall never fail.

3 Give up all for Jesus,  
Keeping back no part!  
Give your best affections,  
Give him all your heart:  
For your full redemption  
He has paid the cost;  
Come, while he is waiting,  
Or you must be lost!

4 Wondrous gifts he offers!  
Bliss without alloy;  
Earth exchanged for heaven—  
Grief, for endless joy:  
Come, for he is calling,  
Swift the moments fly;  
Hasten to the Saviour,  
He is passing by!

## A BROKEN, CONTRITE HEART, O LORD.

1. A bro - ken, contrite heart, O Lord, Thou never wilt des - pise; And those who seek shall not depart  
Without the promised prize. Our hum - ble, need-y spir - it, dumb With shame, for-bids to speak,

REFRAIN.

And on - ly through thy ris - en Son Would we thy fav - or seek. O Father, hear our humble prayer!

To thee our ev - ery need we bear; We turn, we look to thee a-lone, Now pleading at thy throne.

169

*Penitence.*

A BROKEN, contrite heart, O Lord,  
Thou never wilt despise;  
And those who seek shall not depart  
Without the promised prize.  
Our humble, needy spirit, dumb  
With shame, forbids to speak,  
And only through thy risen Son  
Would we thy favor seek.

2 Thou knowest every earthly need,  
Thou hast a plenteous store;  
Oh, to thy heavenly pasture lead,  
And feed us evermore!

We have no worthiness to bring—  
We're all unrighteousness;  
But simply to thy promise cling,  
And our petition press.

3 O God, forsake thy children not!  
For now we need thee most;  
Oh, be thy promise ne'er forgot,  
In thee alone we boast.  
Oh, lift thy mighty arm to save  
Thy humble child below!  
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, we crave,  
Oh, bless us e'er we go.

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1. Sav - iour, where so oft un - heeding, We have turned from thee a-side, Would we come our sins con -

fess-ing, Seek-ing par-don at thy side. We would hear a - gain thy message; We would

take the proffered life; We are wea - ry with con - tend-ing, Thou hast conquered in the strife.

## 170

*Accepted in Christ.*

SAVIOUR, where so oft unheeding,  
We have turned from thee aside,  
Would we come our sins confessing,  
Seeking pardon at thy side.  
We would hear again thy message;  
We would take the proffered life;  
We are weary with contending,  
Thou hast conquered in the strife.

2 In the dust we trail our banners,  
Every weapon casting down;  
Open wide thine arms of mercy,  
Make thy glad forgiveness known!  
Blesséd thought—at peace with Jesus,  
With my Saviour reconciled!  
Wake my heart in glad rejoicings,  
Christ receives his wandering child.

## 171

*"Take my heart."*

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;  
Make and keep it all thine own;  
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—  
This proud heart of sin and stone.  
Father, make me pure and lowly,  
Fond of peace and far from strife;  
Turning from the paths unholy  
Of this vain and sinful life.

2 Ever let thy grace surround me,  
Strengthen me with power divine,  
Till thy cords of love have bound me:  
Make me to be wholly thine.  
May the blood of Jesus heal me,  
And my sins be all forgiven;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,  
Guide me in the path to heaven.

## SATAN THE SEED IS SOWING.



1. Satan the seed is sow-ing— So earn-est - ly sow-ing, sow-ing— Tares with the wheat are growing, To -



REFRAIN.



geth-er growing here. And the angels will gather, By and by—by and by—The tares for the burning, And the



wheat for the sky ! The angels will gather, By and by—by and by—The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky !



172

*The Tares.*

SATAN the seed is sowing—  
So earnestly sowing, sowing—  
Tares with the wheat are growing,  
Together growing here.

REF.—And the angels will gather,  
By and by—by and by—  
The tares for the burning,  
And the wheat for the sky!

2 God for the wheat is caring—  
So tenderly caring, caring—  
Though till the harvest sparing  
The tares which now appear.

3 Souls are the wheat he's keeping—  
So lovingly keeping, keeping—  
Safe for the time of reaping,  
And garners built above.

4 Harvest the tares will sever—  
Eternally sever, sever—  
Then may we be forever  
Safe in the Master's love.

REF.—For the angels will gather,  
By and by—by and by—  
The tares for the burning,  
And the wheat for the sky!

1. Ac - quaint thy - self quick - ly, O sin - ner, with God, And joy, like the sun - shine, shall beam on thy road, And peace, like the dew - drop, shall fall on thy head, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall vis - it thy bed.

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173

*"Acquaint thyself."*

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road, And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad; Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path; Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

174

*"I made haste."*

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here; Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come, For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day: Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace, Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight, And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race, To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand, The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade, The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand; What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

## JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

LUELIA.

1. Je-sus, tender Sav-iour, hast thou died for me? Make me ver-y thank-ful in my heart to thee:  
 When the sad, sad sto-ry of thy grief I read, Make me ver-y sor-ry for my sins in-deed.

By permission.

175

*A Child's Prayer.*

JESUS, tender Saviour, hast thou died for me? 2 Now I know thou lovest, and dost plead for me,  
 Make me very thankful in my heart to thee: Make me very thankful in my prayers to thee:  
 When the sad, sad story of thy grief I read, Soon I hope in glory at thy side to stand;  
 Make me very sorry for my sins indeed. Make me fit to meet thee in that happy land.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

EMMELAR.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.  
 Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

176

*Day is Over.*

- NOW THE day is over,  
 Night is drawing nigh,  
 Shadows of the evening  
 Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus, give the weary  
 Calm and sweet repose;  
 With thy tenderest blessing  
 May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children  
 Visions bright of thee;

Guard the sailor tossing  
 On the deep blue sea.

- 4 Through the long night-watches,  
 May thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
 Watching round my bed.
- 5 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise,  
 Pure and fresh and sinless  
 In thy holy eyes.

## SOUL, ARISE! AND GIVE CHRIST ROOM.

125

1. Soul, arise! and give Christ room; Not a - lone thy days of gloom: Not when sinks the setting sun;  
Not when all thy work is done. Room for Je-sus, give him room! Open wide each heart and home! Let his banner  
be unfurled, Through the kingdoms of the world!

177

*"Room for Jesus."*

SOUL, arise! and give Christ room;  
Not alone thy days of gloom;

Not when sinks the setting sun;  
Not when all thy work is done.

2 Give thy brightest, noblest powers;  
Give thy purest, sweetest hours;  
Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart;  
Give to Jesus all thou art.

3 Then 'twill be his time to give  
More than mortals can conceive;  
Rooms within his mansions fair,  
Where all precious blessings are.

## JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TUMULT.

DORMANCE.

1. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth. Saying, Christian, follow me!

178

*"Follow me."*

JESUS calls us o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea;  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth.  
Saying, Christian, follow me!  
2 Jesus calls us—from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that wold keep us—  
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—  
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all.

1. "Be at peace!" "Beat peace!" Life is but a transient lease, Never long enough for hate, Sharp contention or debate;

In the land to which we're go-ing, Just beyond the river flowing, We are told the dwellers never Thro' the long and  
bright for-ev-er Know a tumult or ajar,—Life is tranquil as a star; On his height .... Sits the King of Peace in light.  
Sits the King of Peace in light.

## 179

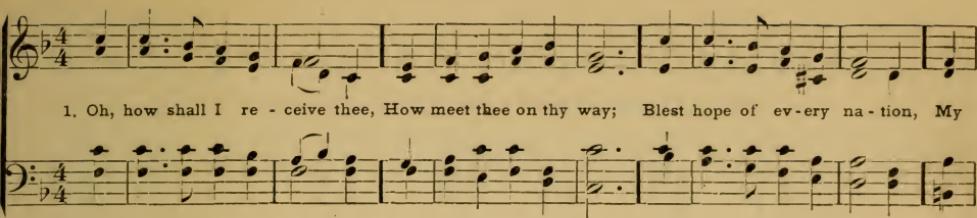
*"Peace is best."*

"BE at peace!"  
Life is but a transient lease,  
Never long enough for hate,  
Sharp contention or debate;  
In the land to which we're going,  
Just beyond the river flowing,  
We are told the dwellers never  
Through the long and bright forever  
Know a tumult or a jar,—  
Life is tranquil as a star;  
On his height  
Sits the King of Peace in light.

2 "Be at peace!"  
Lo, the angry billows cease,  
When the Master cometh near,  
Turning back the storm in fear;  
Let him hold his sceptre o'er thee,  
As his banner goes before thee;

Follow thou with high endeavor  
To the hills of joy forever;  
With thy comrades on the way  
Weep and suffer, work and pray;  
Peace descends  
On all true abiding friends.

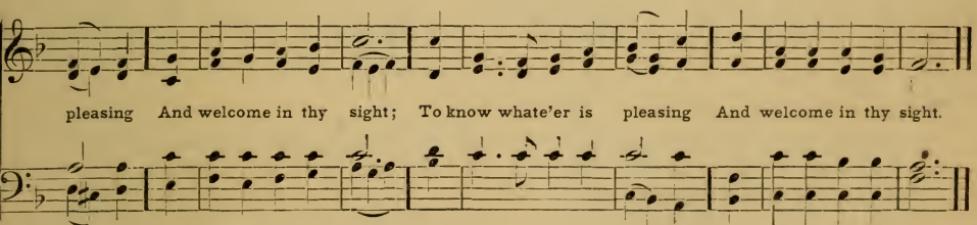
3 "Be at peace!"  
Comes a time with long increase,  
When the nations shall unite  
On the broader field of light;  
We are on our journey thither,  
Let us live in peace together;  
In the temple, glory-lighted,  
With our comrades re-united,  
Oh, it will be sweet to know  
Heaven with us began below!  
Peace is best!  
Earnest of eternal rest.



1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way; Blest hope of ev - ery na - tion, My



soul's delight and stay? O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by thine own pure light, To know whate'er is



pleasing And welcome in thy sight; To know whate'er is pleasing And welcome in thy sight.

## 180

*"Fear no more."*

Oh, how shall I receive thee,  
How meet thee on thy way;  
Blest hope of every nation,  
My soul's delight and stay?  
O Jesus, Jesus, give me  
Now by thine own pure light,  
To know whate'er is pleasing  
And welcome in thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,  
And branches fresh and fair;  
My soul, in praise awaking,  
Her anthem shall prepare.

Perpetual thanks and praises  
Forth from my heart shall spring;  
And to thy name the service  
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror  
Are trembling, fear no more:  
With love and grace the Saviour  
Shall you to hope restore.  
He comes, who contrite sinners  
Will with the children place,  
The children of his Father,  
The heirs of life and grace.

## ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.



1. An - gry words! oh, let them never From the tongue unbridled slip; May the heart's best impulse ever Check them ere they soil the lip.



CONTINUED, 54



"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o - bey the Father's blest command: | bey his blest command.  
"Love each oth - er, love each oth - er," Tis the Father's blest command: | Tis his blest command.



## 181

*.. Love each other."*

ANGRY words! oh, let them never  
From the tongue unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulse ever  
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

2 Love is much too pure and holy;  
Friendship is too sacred far,

For a moment's reckless folly  
Thus to desolate and mar.

3 Angry words are lightly spoken;  
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred—  
Brightest links of life are broken,  
By a single angry word.

## CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW!



1. { Child of sin and sor - row! Filled with dis - may, }  
{ Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day. } Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room.  
D. C.—Child of sin and sor - row! Hear and o - bey.



1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men,  
How he called lit-tle children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

**182***The sweet story.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his  
fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on  
my head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may  
go,

And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I now earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above:—

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to pre-  
pare

For all who are washed and forgiven:.  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

**183***"Why wilt thou die."*

CHILD of sin and sorrow!

Filled with dismay,

Wait not for to-morrow;

Yield thee to-day:

Heaven bids thee come,

While yet there's room;

Child of sin and sorrow!

Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,

Why wilt thou die?

Come while thou canst borrow

Help from on high:

6\*

Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Thy moments glide  
Like the flitting arrow,  
Or rushing tide;  
Ere time is o'er,  
Heaven's grace implore;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
In Christ confide.

## CALL JEHOVAH THY SALVATION.

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## 184

*The Divine Protection.*

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
In his secret habitation,  
Dwell, and never be dismayed:  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight, blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defence:

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
When a thousand feel the blow;  
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of his protection,  
He will shield thee from above;  
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,  
He will hearken, he will save;  
Here, for grief, reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwell-ing      Borders on the shades of death!      Rise on us, thy  
 love re - veal-ing,      Dis - si - pate the clouds be-neath: Thou, of heaven and earth Cre - a - tor,  
 In our deep-est darkness rise,—Scattering all the night of na - ture, Pouring day up - on our eyes.

185

*"The true Light."*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death!  
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,—  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart:

Come, and manifest thy favor  
 To the ransomed, helpless race;  
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit,  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

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## 186

*Resting in God.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is he!  
Know his love in full completeness  
Fills the measure of thy weakness;  
If he wound thy spirit sore,  
Trust him more.

2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
In his hand  
Lay whatever things thou canst not  
Understand:  
Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
From thy faith in pity turneth,  
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—  
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
When the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt him not!  
Always hath the daylight broken—  
Always hath he comfort spoken—  
Better hath he been for years,  
Than thy fears.

4 To his own thy Saviour giveth  
Daily strength;  
To each troubled soul that liveth  
Peace at length:  
Weakest lambs have largest sharing  
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;  
Ask him not, then—when or how—  
Only bow.

1. Go and tell Je-sus, weary, sin-sick soul! He'll ease thee of thy bur-den, make thee whole;  
 Look up to him, he on-ly can for-give; Be-lieve on him, and thou shalt sure-ly live.

REFRAIN.

Go and tell Je-sus, he on-ly can forgive, Go and tell Je-sus, oh, turn to him and live.  
 Go and tell Je-sus, go and tell Je-sus, Go and tell Je-sus, he on-ly can for-give.

**187**      "They went and told Jesus."

Go AND tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul!  
 He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;  
 Look up to him, he only can forgive;  
 Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

REF.—Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,  
 Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him and live.  
 Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,  
 Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise  
 Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes:  
 His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,  
 That mercy, peace, and pardon you should have.

3 Go and tell Jesus! he'll dispel thy fears,  
 Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;  
 Will take thee in his arms, and on his breast  
 Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.

## JUST AS GOD LEADS ME.

1. Just as God leads me I would go; I would not ask to choose my way,  
Content with what he will bestow, Assured he will not let me stray. So as he leads, my  
path I make, And step by step I gladly take, A child in him confiding.

188

*A German trust song.*

JUST as God leads me I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way,  
Content with what he will bestow,  
Assured he will not let me stray.  
So as he leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in him confiding.

2 Just as God leads I am content.  
I rest me calmly in his hands;  
That which he has decreed and sent—

That which his will for me commands,  
I would that he should all fulfill;  
That I should do his gracious will  
In living or in dying.

3 Just as God leads, I will resign;  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His counsel would I yet fulfill;  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

## ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID.

STEPHANOS.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

1. I can - not tell if short or long My earth - ly jour - ney be;  
 But, all the way, I know thy rod And staff will com - fort me.

## • 189

*A Hymn of Trust.*

- I CANNOT tell if short or long  
 My earthly journey be;  
 But, all the way, I know thy rod  
 And staff will comfort me.  
 2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,  
 What need have I to care?  
 Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt  
 Beyond my strength to bear.  
 3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,  
 My soul would not avoid;

Who follows thee, O Lord, may be  
 Cast down, but not destroyed.

- 4 Though over steep and rugged ways  
 My weary feet be brought,  
 Still following where thy footprints lead,  
 I take no anxious thought.  
 5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!  
 No care, no vain alarms;  
 Beneath my every cross I find  
 The Everlasting Arms.

## 190

*Our Master.*

- Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distressed?  
 "Come to me," saith One,<sup>4</sup> and coming,  
 Be at rest."  
 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
 If he be my Guide?—  
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
 And his side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
 That his brow adorns?—  
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
 But of thorns."  
 4 If I find him, if I follow,  
 What his guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to him,  
 What hath he at last?—  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan passed."  
 6 If I ask him to receive me,  
 Will he say me nay?—  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."  
 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is he sure to bless?—  
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, Yes."

## O HOLY SAVIOUR! FRIEND UNSEEN.

FLEMMING.

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me  
 lean, Help me, throughout life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

**191***Clinging to Christ.*

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,  
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
 Help me, throughout life's changing scene,  
 By faith to cling to thee!

2 What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
 With patient, uncomplaining love,  
 Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone.  
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
 Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
 The soul that clings to thee!

LUX BENIGNA.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

**SEGUR.**

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-hovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my Strength and Shield.  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death! and hell's Destruction!  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

## 192

*Guidance.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;

## 193

*"Lead thou me on!"*

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead thou me on;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead thou me on;  
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead thou me on:  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.  
 3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

## LONG MY SPIRIT PINED IN SORROW.

1. Long my spirit pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting, all in vain; Waiting for a golden morrow,  
Free from worldly care and pain; When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the accents of a friend, Cheer up, brother,  
"keep on praying," Keep on praying to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mercy  
seems de-lay-ing, Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

CHORUS.

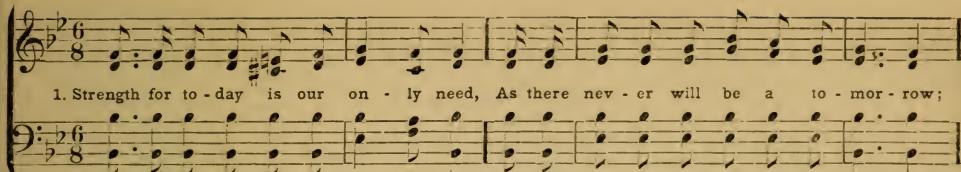
"keep on praying," Keep on praying to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mercy  
seems de-lay-ing, Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

194

*"Keep on praying."*

LONG my spirit pined in sorrow,  
Watching, waiting, all in vain;  
Waiting for a golden morrow,  
Free from worldly care and pain;  
When I heard a sweet voice saying,  
In the accents of a friend,  
Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying,"  
Keep on praying to the end.  
2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,  
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,  
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures  
In the end you're sure to win;

Wrestle with the Lord of glory,  
Lay your troubles at his feet,  
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,  
Till your joys are all complete.  
3 How the angel-band rejoices,  
When a kneeling mortal prays:  
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,  
"Keep on praying" all your days!  
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,  
Reach the pearly gates of day;  
Then your bliss shall end in glory,  
And shall never pass away.



For to - mor - row will prove but an - oth - er to - day, With its measure of gladness and sor - row.

## REFRAIN.

Strength for to - day, strength for to - day, Ask, it shall free - ly be giv - en -

Strength for to - day in the jour - ney of life, And rest ev - er - last - ing in heav - en

**195***Daily help.*

STRENGTH for to-day is our only need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of gladness and sorrow.

2 Strength for to-day—that our precious youth  
May be saved from sin's wily temptation;  
May be able to stand like a bulwark of truth,  
Firmly built on the Rock of salvation.

3 Strength for to-day—that our weary hearts  
In the battle for righteousness quail not;  
And the eyes that are shedding their penitent  
tears,

May behold the true light that shall fail not.

4 Strength for to-day—that in house and home  
We may practice forbearance most sweetly;  
There to scatter kind words from a pure loving  
heart,  
There to trust in God's promise completely.

## SAVIOUR, LET THY LOVE FOR ME.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with an alto or basso continuo line. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

1. Saviour, let thy love for me Keep me ever near to thee; Here I fear no e - vil thing, In the shadow of thy wing.

## 196

*"Under his Shadow."*

SAVIOUR, let thy love for me  
Keep me ever near to thee;  
Here I fear no evil thing,  
In the shadow of thy wing.

2 When the storms of care and doubt,  
Toss my weary soul about,  
Then I flee for sheltering  
To the shadow of thy wing.

3 In the light too great for me,  
Blind and faint I come to thee;  
Then, dear Lord, how comforting  
Is the shadow of thy wing.

4 When my sorest troubles be,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Even sorrow then can bring  
But the shadow of thy wing.

5 Soon the evening time will come,  
Soon the darkness bring me home;  
Still my happy soul will sing,  
'Tis the shadow of thy wing.

6 Safe forever to abide  
Where the quiet waters glide,  
Never more I need to cling  
To the shadow of thy wing.

## MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with an alto or basso continuo line. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No

A continuation of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a soprano vocal line. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with an alto or basso continuo line. The music consists of eighth-note chords.

shelter or help is nigh; "Car-est thou not that we per - ish?" How canst thou lie a - sleep, Wheneach

## CHORUS.

moment so madly is threatening A grave in the an-gry deep? The winds and the waves shall obey thy will,

*p*      *pp*

*Cres*

Peace.... be still.... Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what-ev-er it be,

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

*cen*

*do.*

*ff*

*m*

No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

*m*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

bey thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o- bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

197

"Peace, be still!"

MASTER, the tempest is raging!

The billows are tossing high!

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,

No shelter or help is nigh;

"Carest thou not that we perish?"

How canst thou lie asleep,

When each moment so madly is threatening

A grave in the angry deep?

2 Master, with anguish of spirit

I bow in my grief to-day;

The depths of my sad heart are troubled—

Oh, waken and save, I pray!

Torrents of sin and of anguish

Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

And I perish! I perish! dear Master—

Oh, hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,

The elements sweetly rest;

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,

And heaven's within my breast;

Linger, O blessed Redeemer!

Leave me alone no more;

And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,

And rest on the blissful shore.

## OH, TRUST IN THE GOODNESS OF GOD!

1. Oh, trust in the goodness of God! He sure - ly your needs will sup - ply: The

poor widow's oil he in - creased—His children he hears when they cry; The widow's curse never once

failed—By ra - vens E - li - jah was fed; And who - ev - er trusts in the Lord Shall

never once suffer for bread. Then trust in the goodness of God! He is a - - ble your

needs to sup - ply; Trust now in his power to save, For Je - sus is now passing by.

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CHORUS.

*Rit.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in common time (indicated by 'C') and the fourth staff is in 6/8 time (indicated by '6/8'). The key signature changes from G major (one sharp) to F major (one sharp) at the beginning of the third staff. The vocal parts are written in soprano and bass clefs. The piano accompaniment uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff has lyrics for the first two lines of the verse. The second staff has lyrics for the third line of the verse and the chorus. The third staff has lyrics for the fourth line of the verse. The fourth staff has lyrics for the fifth line of the verse and the final line of the chorus. The score concludes with a 'Rit.' (ritardando) instruction above the final staff.

198

*Divine Goodness.*

Oh, trust in the goodness of God!  
He surely your needs will supply;  
The poor widow's oil he increased—  
His children he hears when they cry;  
The widow's curse never once failed—  
By ravens Elijah was fed;  
And whoever trusts in the Lord  
Shall never once suffer for bread.  
2 How often God's children forget,  
When weary, and lonely, and cold,  
The promises found in his word,  
More precious than silver and gold:

"Ye weary, and helpless, and faint,  
Come near unto me and find rest;  
Come, all ye who hunger and thirst,  
Ye all shall be filled and be blest!"  
3 Our Saviour is able to do  
Exceeding abundantly, more  
Than all we can ask for or think!  
Then why should our wants press us sore?  
Christ also is able to make  
All grace to abound unto you:  
"All things whatsoever ye ask:"  
Believe, and his promise is true!

## HOLY FATHER, THOU HAST TAUGHT ME.

TRISTE.

1. Ho-ly Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a-lone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
D. S.—Still thine arm has been around me,

On through dangers oft unknown. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;  
All my paths were in thy sight.

199

*"Keep me ever."*

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone;  
Year by year thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, thou hast found me;  
When I doubted, sent me light;  
Still thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in thy sight.  
2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.

Therefore, Lord, I come believing  
Thou canst give the power I need;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.  
3 I would trust in thy protection,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm;  
Follow wholly thy direction,  
Thou, mine only guard from harm!  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to thee when tried;  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at thy side.

## GRACIOUS SPIRIT, DWELL WITH ME.

1. Gracious Spir-it, dwell with me,— I my-self would gracious be; And, with words that help and heal,  
Would thy life in mine reveal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

200

*Prayer for grace.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would gracious be;  
And, with words that help and heal,  
Would thy life in mine reveal;  
And, with actions bold and meek,  
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would truthful be;  
And, with wisdom kind and clear,  
Let thy life in mine appear;  
And, with actions brotherly,  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would tender be;  
Shut my heart up like a flower  
At temptation's darksome hour;  
Open it, when shines the sun,  
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would holy be;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good;  
And whatever I can be  
Give to him who gave me thee.

201

*Praise for benefits.*

For the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies:  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night;  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child;  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For thy church that evermore  
Lifts her holy hand hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love;  
Lord of all, to thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

1. Grander than o - cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of  
 morn - ing, Or eve - ning's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than moun-tain ech - oes Ring  
 out from peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo-rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love.

202

*Giving of thanks.*

GRANDER than ocean's story,  
 Or songs of forest trees—  
 Purer than breath of morning,  
 Or evening's gentle breeze—  
 Clearer than mountain echoes  
 Ring out from peaks above—  
 Rolls on the glorious anthem  
 Of God's eternal love.

2 Dearer than any loves,  
 The truest friends bestow;  
 Stronger than all the yearnings,  
 A mother's heart can know;

Deeper than earth's foundations,  
 And far above all thought;  
 Broader than heaven's high arches—  
 The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all earth's treasure,  
 The wealth my soul receives;  
 Brighter than royal jewels,  
 The crown that Jesus gives;  
 Wondrous the condescension,  
 And grace beyond degree!  
 I would be ever singing  
 The love of Christ to me.

## AFTER THE CHRISTIAN'S TEARS.

1. Af - ter the Chris - tian's tears, Af - ter his fights and fears,  
 Af - ter his wea - ry cross, All things be - low but loss - What then?  
 Oh, then, a ho - ly calm, Rest - ing on Je - sus' arm!  
 Oh, then, a deep - er love For the pure home a - - bove!

203

*"What then?"*

AFTER the Christian's tears,  
 After his fights and fears,  
 After his weary cross,  
 All things below but loss—

What then?

Oh, then, a holy calm,  
 Resting on Jesus' arm!  
 Oh, then, a deeper love  
 For the pure home above!

2 After this holy calm,  
 This rest on Jesus' arm,  
 After this deepened love  
 For the pure home above—

What then?

Oh, then, hard work for him,  
 Immortal souls to win:  
 Then Jesus' presence near,  
 Death's darkest hour to cheer.

3 And when the work is done,  
 When the last soul is won,  
 When Jesus' love and power  
 Have cheered the dying hour—

What then?

Oh, then, the crown is given!  
 Oh, then, the rest in heaven!  
 Then life in endless day,  
 When death has passed away.

1. Faint not, nor fal - ter in the way That lead-eth to thy perfect home; The night must come be-

fore the day, Rest seem-eth sweet to those who roam; And God has left this word with thee,

That "as thy day, thy strength shall be," That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

## 204

*"As thy days."*

Faint not, nor falter in the way  
 That leadeth to thy perfect home;  
 The night must come before the day,  
 Rest seemeth sweet to those who roam;  
 And God has left this word with thee,  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Grief may distress thine inmost heart,  
 Long-trusted friends may fickle prove:—  
 Not sorrow's sting, nor traitor's dart,  
 Shall e'er thy steadfast spirit move;  
 Because this promise dwells with thee,  
 "As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Pain may thine earthly ease displace,  
 Disease enfeeble all thy powers;  
 Ev'n cheerful hope may vail her face,  
 And lingering moments seem as hours;  
 Yet still this promise is to thee,  
 "As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 Then trust thy God whate'er betide!  
 None ever knew his promise fail;  
 His angel, ever at thy side,  
 Shall help thy patience to prevail;  
 Forbode no ill, for thou shalt see  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

## NOBODY KNOWS WHAT I HAVE IN MY HEART.

1. No - bod-y knows what I have in my heart, Since Je - sus the Master has come, And deigns, in a

REFRAIN.

soul so un - worthy as mine, To a - bide and make it his home. He on - ly knows, he on - ly knows,

He on - ly knows what I have in my heart, He on - ly knows, he on - ly knows; No one knows but Je-sus.

**205***Communion with Christ.*

NOBODY knows what I have in my heart,  
Since Jesus the Master has come;  
And deigns, in a soul so unworthy as mine,  
To abide and make it his home.

2 Nobody knows what I have in my heart!  
A fountain of rapturous joys;

A faith that exultantly bears me aloft  
Over earth and its glittering toys.

3 Nobody knows what I have in my heart,  
Since Christ turned my darkness to light;  
His presence illumines the depths of my soul  
With a glory that scatters the night.

## I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find.  
REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

1. To do thy ho-ly will, To bear thy cross, To trust thy mercy still In pain or loss—  
 Poor gifts are these to bring, Dear Lord, to thee, Who hast done every thing For me—for me!

## 206

*Only our Love.*

- To do thy holy will,  
 To bear thy cross,  
 To trust thy mercy still  
 In pain or loss—  
 Poor gifts are these to bring,  
 Dear Lord, to thee,  
 Who hast done every thing  
 For me—for me!
- 2 For thy belovéd Son,  
 And precious word—  
 For all thy goodness done  
 On earth, O Lord!

For leave that I may live—  
 Blest boon of thine—  
 What recompense can give  
 This heart of mine?

- 3 Thou, who enthroned above,  
 Dost hear my call,  
 Oh, can my faithful love  
 Pay thee for all?  
 • Poor recompense to bring,  
 Dear Lord, to thee,  
 Who hast done every thing  
 For me—for me!

## 207

*"Cleaseth from all Sin."*

- I AM coming to the cross;  
 I am poor and weak and blind;  
 I am counting all but dross;  
 I shall full salvation find.  
 REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
 Humbly at thy cross I bow;  
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
 Long has evil dwelt within;

- Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 I will cleanse you from all sin.  
 3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
 Friends and time and earthly store;  
 Soul and body thine to be—  
 Wholly thine for evermore.  
 4 In the promises I trust;  
 Now I feel the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust;  
 I with Christ am crucified.

## COME, OH, COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.



1. Come, oh, come with thy bro - ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the  
D.C.—Come, oh, come with thy bro - ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the



FINE.



By permission



D.C. for CHORUS.



Wait - ing to give thee rest; Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to his lov - ing breast.



## 208

*"Jesus is waiting."*

COME, oh, come with thy broken heart,  
Weary and worn with care;  
Come and kneel at the open door,  
Jesus is waiting there:  
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,  
Waiting to give thee rest;  
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall?  
Come to his loving breast.

2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,  
There shall thy refuge be;  
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,  
Flowing so pure for thee:

List to the gentle warning voice,  
List to the earnest call,  
Leave at the cross thy burden now,  
Jesus will bear it all.'

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,  
Feast of eternal love;  
Think of joys that forever bloom,  
Bright in the life above:  
Come with a trusting heart to God,  
Come and be saved by grace;  
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,  
Close in his dear embrace.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is long - est;

Onward and onward still be thine en-deav-or, The rest that re-main-eth, en-dur- eth for - ev - er.

**209***Call to Courage.*

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strong-  
est;

Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;  
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor,  
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;

He who hath promised all, faltereth never,  
Oh, trust in the love that endureth forever!

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;  
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever,  
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him for-  
ever.

## MY GOD! IS ANY HOUR SO SWEET.

1. My God! is any hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star, As that which calls me to thy feet — The hour of prayer?

**210***The hour of Prayer.*

My God! is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet —  
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee.

## TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

ALFORD.

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar - mies of the  
 ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their  
 fight with death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the vic-tors in!

## 211

*The Armies of God.*

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
 In sparkling raiment bright,  
 The armies of the ransomed saints  
 Throng up the steeps of light:  
 'Tis finished, all is finished,  
 Their fight with death and sin:  
 Fling open wide the golden gates,  
 And let the victors in!

2 What rush of hallelujahs  
 Fills all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

Oh, day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made!  
 Oh, joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
 That brimmed with tears of late,  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.

## THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

153

IMMORTALITY.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side its an - cient  
 por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And  
 o - pen wide the door; And mortals who pass through it Are mortal nev - er - more.

212

*"They seek a country."*

THERE is a land immortal,  
 The beautiful of lands;  
 Beside its ancient portal  
 A silent sentry stands;  
 He only can undo it,  
 And open wide the door;  
 And mortals who pass through it,  
 Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage  
 That leadeth to the gate,  
 Yet grace attends the message,  
 To souls that watch and wait:

7\*

And at the time appointed  
 A messenger comes down,  
 And guides the Lord's anointed  
 From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,  
 They're blesséd in their tears;  
 Their journey heavenward winging,  
 They leave on earth their fears:  
 Death like an angel seemeth;  
 "We welcome thee," they cry;  
 Their face with glory beameth—  
 'Tis life for them to die!

## THERE IS A HOME ETERNAL.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There is a home e - ternal, Beau-tiful and bright, Where sweet joys supernal Never are dimmed by night;

White-robed angels are singing Ever around the bright throne; When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home?

**CHORUS.**

Home, beautiful home,.... Bright, beautiful home; Home, home of our Saviour, Bright, beautiful home?  
Beautiful home, Beautiful home, Beautiful, beautiful home.

213

*"Beyond the Sky."*

THERE is a home eternal,  
Beautiful and bright,  
Where sweet joys supernal  
Never are dimmed by night;  
White-robed angels are singing  
Ever around the bright throne—  
When, oh, when shall I see thee,  
Beautiful, beautiful home?

**CHO.**—Home, beautiful home,  
Bright, beautiful home;  
Home, home of our Saviour,  
Bright, beautiful home.

2 Flowers forever are springing  
In that home so fair;

Thousands of children are singing  
Praises to Jesus there:  
How they swell the glad anthem  
Ever around the bright throne—  
When, oh, when shall I see thee,  
Beautiful, beautiful home?

3 Soon shall I join that anthem  
Far beyond the sky;  
Jesus became my ransom—  
Why should I fear to die?  
Soon my eyes will behold him,  
Seated upon the bright throne—  
Then, oh, then shall I see thee,  
Beautiful, beautiful home!

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his praises ring; Praise, praise for aye!

214

*"The happy Land."*

THERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day.  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
 "Worthy is our Saviour King,"  
 Loud let his praises ring;  
 Praise, praise for aye!  
 2 Come to that happy land,  
 Come, come away,  
 Why will ye doubting stand,  
 Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,  
 When, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord we shall dwell with thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,  
 Beams every eye:  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.  
 Oh, then to glory run;  
 Be a crown and Kingdom won;  
 And bright, above the sun,  
 We'll reign for aye.

HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his praises ring; Praise, praise for aye!

VICTORY.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sorrows now: From the fight returned vic -  
to - rious, Ev - ery knee to him shall bow: Crown him, crown him; Crowns become the victor's brow.

215

*"King of kings."*

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See the Man of Sorrows now:  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to him shall bow:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned him;  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name:  
Crown him, crown him;  
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh, what joy the sight affords:  
Crown him, crown him;  
"King of kings and Lord of lords."

216

*Glory to God.*

GLORY be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One:  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain;  
Glory be to him who bought us,  
Made us kings with him to reign:  
Glory, glory,  
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,  
Glory to the church's King,  
Glory to the King of nations,  
Heaven and earth, your praises bring:  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
Thus its praise creation brings:  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings!

1. {Hark, the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore: } Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord  
God Om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

**217**     *"The Lord reigneth."*  
 HARK, the song of Jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore:  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God Omnipotent shall reign;  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,  
 From the depths unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies;  
 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away:  
 Then the end;—beneath his rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

**218**     *"Tell us of the Night."*  
 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are;—  
 Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star!—  
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?—  
 Traveler! yes; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel:—

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends;—  
 Traveler! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends;—  
 Watchman! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?—  
 Traveler! ages are its own;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!—

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn;—  
 Traveler! darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—  
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!—  
 Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God, is come!

## BEAUTIFUL ZION, BUILT ABOVE.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a bove,  
Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love; Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly  
white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light.  
white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light.

{ He who was slain on Cal-va-ry,  
{ O pens those pearl-y gates to me. }

**REFRAIN.**

Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God.

219

### *The Beauty of Heaven.*

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,  
Beautiful city that I love;  
Beautiful gates of pearly white,  
Beautiful temple—God its light;  
He who was slain on Calvary,  
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;  
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;  
Beautiful strains that never tire;  
Beautiful harps through all the choir—  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show:  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there—  
Thither I press with eager feet;  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing;  
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;  
Beautiful home of perfect peace—  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;  
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

VARINA.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; }  
 In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. } There ev-er - last - ing spring a-bides,

And nev - er-withering flowers: Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

## 220

*"Go over this Jordan."*

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.  
 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea;  
 And linger, shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
 These gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unclouded eyes:—  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## 221

*"Let me go over!"*

On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.  
 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God, the Son, forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.  
 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?  
 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Can here no longer stay;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

## BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the

## REFRAIN.

wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and  
the

Rit.  
blest! How oft - en a - mid the wild 'bil - low I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!  
pure and blest,

222

*"The Paradise of God."*

BEAUTIFUL valley of Eden!  
Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;  
Over the hearts of the weary,  
Breathing thy waves of balm.

CHO.—Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and blest!  
How often amid the wild billows  
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

2 Over the heart of the mourner  
Shineth thy golden day,  
Wafting the songs of the angels  
Down from the far away.

CHO.—Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and blest!  
How often amid the wild billows  
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

3 There is the home of my Saviour,  
There, with the blood-washed throng,  
Over the highlands of glory  
Rolleth the great, new song!

CHO.—Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and blest!  
How often amid the wild billows  
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

## IN THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER ABOVE.

161

1. In the house of my Fa - ther a - bove, There are mansions pro-vid - ed for me, Where my soul in the ful - ness of joy shall a - wake From its bod - y of sin, to be free.

REFRAIN.

I shall go to that home by and by, (by and by,) And my Saviour will welcome me there: (by and by,) He will crown me with life, he will fill me with joy, And his gar-ment of love I shall wear.

- 223**      *"The Mansions above."*
- In the house of my Father above,  
There are mansions provided for me,  
Where my soul in the fulness of joy shall awake  
From its body of sin to be free.
- 2 When I weary of labor and toil,  
And with sorrow my heart is oppressed,  
Then my Saviour comes near, and I think with delight  
Of the beautiful mansions of rest.
- 3 I have friends in those mansions above;  
They are waiting me now on the shore;  
And I know we shall meet at the portals of light,  
When a few fleeting days shall be o'er.
- 4 Oh, I long for those mansions above!  
Yes, I long their bright glory to see,  
And to join the glad host in the praise of my Lord,  
Who has purchased those mansions for me.

## JERUSALEM, THE GLORIOUS.

S.

MIRIAM.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O dear and fu - ture vis - ion  
D. S.—To thee my thoughts are kin - died,  
That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern;  
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

FINE.  
D. S.

224

*"A City."*

JERUSALEM, the glorious!  
The glory of the elect,—  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect!  
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
Ev'n here thy walls discern;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn!  
2 The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified, thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise;

Jerusalem! exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!  
3 O sweet and blessed Country!  
Shall I e'er see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed Country!  
Shall I e'er win thy grace?  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

## JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

EWING.

1. Je - rus - ale - m, the golden, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con - tem - plation Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
I know not, oh, I know not, What social joys are there, What radiancy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

## PARADISE.

1. O Paradise! O Paradise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most holy sight.

**225***"O Paradise."*

O PARADISE! O Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?REF.—Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

The world is growing old;

Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,

Oh, keep me in thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above!**226***The new Jerusalem.*JERUSALEM, the golden,  
With milk and honey blest!  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
I know not, oh, I know not,  
What social joys are there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare.2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng;The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.3 There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast:  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

## THERE IS A HOLY CITY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat major. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. The first staff begins with the words "There is a holy city," followed by "A happy world above," and "Be-yond the star-ry." The second staff continues with "re-gions, Built by the God of love;" "An ev-er-last-ing tem-ple—And." The third staff concludes with "saints, ar-rayed in white, There serve their great Re-deem-er, And dwell with him in light."

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227

*"A Holy City."*

THERE is a holy city,  
 A happy world above,  
 Beyond the starry regions,  
 Built by the God of love;  
 An everlasting temple—  
 And saints, arrayed in white,  
 There serve their great Redeemer,  
 And dwell with him in light.

2 The meaneſt child of glory  
 Outſhines the radiant ſun;  
 But who can ſpeak the ſplendor  
 Of that eternal throne  
 Where Jesus ſits exalted,  
 In god-like majesty?  
 The elders fall before him,  
 The angels bend the knee.

3 The host of saints around him  
 Proclaim his work of grace;  
 The patriarchs and prophets,  
 And all the godly race,  
 Who ſpeak of fiery trials  
 And tortures on their way—  
 They came from tribulation  
 To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,  
 How long my stay below,  
 Or what shall be my trials,  
 Are not for me to know;  
 In every day of trouble,  
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;  
 I'll think of the bright temple,  
 And crowns above the sky.

1. Ev'n now doth our sal - va - tion Draw near and nearer still, Than when we first ac-cept-ed Our  
Saviour's loving will: Each hour and every moment Brings on the happy day, When, free from sin and  
sor - row, To heaven we take our way. Oh, hast-en, Time, God's an - gel! On swift wing bear us home;  
We wait the joyful summons—No longer would we roam: Home, home, come home, Home, home, come home; We come, we come, we come!

228

*Our Salvation.*

- Ev'N now doth our salvation  
Draw near and nearer still,  
Than when we first accepted  
Our Saviour's loving will:  
Each hour and every moment  
Brings on the happy day,  
When, free from sin and sorrow,  
To heaven we take our way.  
2 The world is bright and gladsome,  
And life is God's sweet gift;  
It is not dust and ashes,  
Though fading sure and swift:

Yet better far the country,  
Where my dear Lord doth dwell;  
My heart doth break with longing  
For him I love so well!

- 3 Oh, lasting joy of heaven!  
Oh, sfainless, waveless peace!  
Oh, victory after conflict,  
Of all our woe surcease!  
Who would not gladly barter  
The best earth hath to give,  
For that blest lot immortal,  
With Christ for aye to live!

## LO, THE SEAL OF DEATH IS BREAKING.

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1. Lo, the seal of death is breaking; Those who slept its sleep are waking; Heav-en opes its por-tals fair!

*Cres* cen do.

Hark! the harps of God are ring-ing, Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging Mu-sic on im-mor-tal air.

229

*Music in Heaven.*

LO, THE seal of death is breaking;  
Those who slept its sleep are waking;  
Heaven opes its portals fair!  
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,  
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging  
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
O'er the land of life and love;

There the founts of life are flowing,  
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,  
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;  
There no tear of misery welleth;  
Hearts will bleed or break no more;  
Past is all the cold world's scorning,  
Gone the night and broke the morning  
Over all the golden shore!

## WHEN WE GET HOME.

1. When we get home where Jesus is, And hear his friendly greeting, Our souls will feel a heavenly bliss In such a joyful meet-ing.

REFRAIN.

We soon shall be from sorrow free, A hap-py home we're nearing; Our Father's call in-vites us all, 'Oh, blessed thought, how cheering!

1. Be - yond life's rag - ing fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream, Be-yond death's surging  
 riv - er, Be - yond that sul - len stream. The saints shall dwell in glo - ry,  
 In beau - ty fad - ing not; O pil-grim, are you praying That this may be your lot!

230

*Beyond the Vale.*

- BEYOND life's raging fever,  
 Beyond life's troubled dream,  
 Beyond death's surging river,  
 Beyond that sullen stream.—Cho.  
 2 Beyond this land of sighing,  
 Where countless tears are shed;  
 Beyond the sick and dying,  
 Beyond the mouldering dead.—Cho.

231

*"Forever with the Lord."*

- WHEN we get home where Jesus is,  
 And hear his friendly greeting,  
 Our souls will feel a heavenly bliss,  
 In such a joyful meeting!  
 REF.—We soon shall be from sorrow free—  
 A happy home we're nearing:  
 Our Father's call invites us all—  
 Oh, blessed thought, how cheering!  
 2 So long in this dark world we've staid,  
 We feel an anxious longing

- 3 Beyond this scene of trial,  
 Where heart and flesh do fail;  
 Beyond the darkening shadows,  
 Beyond the gloomy vale.—Cho.  
 4 Beyond earth's weary burden,  
 The cross, the scourge, the rod,  
 The saints shall dwell in glory—  
 The saints shall dwell with God.—Cho.

- To see that home without a shade,  
 Where ransomed souls are thronging.  
 3 If doubts arise, or courage fail,  
 At every ill-made story,  
 Death soon will lift the mystic veil,  
 And bear us home to glory.  
 4 Then, happy souls, to Jesus raise  
 Your songs, with cheerful voices,  
 And sing those home-endearing lays,  
 While every heart rejoices!

## TENDER SHEPHERD, THOU HAST STILLED.

1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy lit-tle lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleep-ing! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bo-som more.

232

*Death of a little child.*

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled  
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:

Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!

And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To the sunny heavenly plain

Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see

That its heavenly food are giving;  
Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though thou take what most we love.

## CEASE, YE MOURNERS.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death, and night and anguish Enter not the world a-bove.

233

*Comfort.*

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Pain and death, and night and anguish  
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,

Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is  
flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es

In the mel - low rays, All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.

## 234

*A bright summer day.*

SUMMER suns are glowing  
Over land and sea,  
Happy light is flowing  
Bountiful and free.  
Everything rejoices  
In the mellow rays,  
All earth's thousand voices  
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth,  
Over all the world,  
And his banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled.  
Broad and deep and glorious,  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal love.

8

3 Lord, upon our blindness,  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For thy loving-kindness  
Makes us love thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,  
Though thou vail thy light:  
Life is dark without thee;  
Death with thee is bright.  
Light of light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go thou still before us  
To the endless day.

1. Down from their home on high, Down through the starry sky, An-gels de-scending fly,  
 While the earth shak-eth; Roll they the stone a-way From where the Sav-iour lay—

REFRAIN.

Out in-to glorious day His way he tak-eth. Loud hal-le - lu - jahs! Loud hal-le - lu - jahs!

Our ris-en Sav-iour, To thee we sing: Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!

235

*Easter Morning.*

Down from their home on high,  
 Down through the starry sky,  
 Angels descending fly,  
 While the earth shaketh;  
 Roll they the stone away  
 From where the Saviour lay—  
 Out into glorious day  
     His way he taketh.  
 2 He from the grave is gone,  
 Treading the way alone;  
 Death now is overthrown  
     By his endeavor!

Where is thy victory,  
 O Grave? and where shall be,  
 O Death, our fear of thee?  
     Vanished forever!  
 3 Sing we thy praise for aye,  
 Who washed our sins away;  
 Unto thy name alway  
     We shall be singing;  
 Far down the tracts of time,  
 Shall every earthly clime  
 Join in the song sublime,  
     With praises ringing!



1. When I walk in God's clear sunlight, With its beauty beaming fair. Or when shadows seem to gather, I may see him every-where.

## REFRAIN.

He will lead me, he will lead me, Be my true and constant guide; He will lead me, he will lead me—In his love I may abide.

## 236

*"He will lead me."*

WHEN I walk in God's clear sunlight,  
With its beauty beaming fair,  
Or when shadows seem to gather,  
I may see him everywhere.

REF.—He will lead me, he will lead me,  
Be my true and constant guide;  
He will lead me, he will lead me—  
In his love I may abide.

2 Though amid the deepest darkness,  
I may surely trust the Lord;  
He hath never yet forsaken—  
He will keep his promised word.

3 Though all friendships may be broken,  
And the hand of death be laid,  
In his might and love confiding,  
I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory  
Of the heavenly mansions bright,  
Still the song will I be singing  
In that home of pure delight.

## 237

*New Year.*

At thy feet, our God and Father,  
Who hast blest us all our days,  
We with grateful hearts would gather,  
And begin the year with praise—  
Praise for light so brightly shining  
On our steps from heaven above;  
Praise for mercies daily twining  
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender  
On the cross for sinners shown,  
We would praise thee and surrender  
All our hearts to be thine own.  
With so true a Friend provided,  
We upon our way would go,  
Sure of being safely guided,  
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,  
When thy gracious face we see;  
Every burden will be lighter,  
When we know it comes from thee.  
Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,  
Give us strength to serve and wait,  
Till thy glory breaks before us,  
Through the city's open gate.

## THE TREES ARE CROWNED WITH GLORY.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 2/2 time, G major (two sharps). The top staff has a soprano vocal line. The middle staff has an alto vocal line. The bottom staff has a basso continuo line with bassoon and cello parts. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The copyright notice 'Copyright 1889 by Sardis & Co.' is visible on the right margin.

1. The trees are crowned with glo-ry, The hills are bright with praise; The voice of Au-tumn  
sing - eth Through all her for - est ways. With heart, and voice, and gar - land, Dear  
Lord, thy chil-dren meet To crown thee with their prais-es,— To wor-ship at thy feet.

## 238

*An Autumn Song.*

THE trees are crowned with glory,  
The hills are bright with praise;  
The voice of Autumn singeth  
Through all her forest ways.  
With heart, and voice, and garland,  
Dear Lord, thy children meet  
To crown thee with their praises,—  
To worship at thy feet.

2 As once in far Judea  
The little children came  
With glad and sweet hosannas,  
And blessings on thy name,

With waving palms and praises;  
Thy lowly steps to throng;—  
So we, within thy temple,  
Come seeking thee with song.

3 O lowly Lord and Master!  
We long to be like thee  
In purity, in patience,  
In deep humility;  
That when our autumn cometh,  
And as a leaf we fade,  
The glory of thy presence  
May dissipate death's shade.

## GLASGOW.

1. Lord! while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast, Oh, hear us for our native land, The land we love the most.

239

*National.*

- LORD! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.  
2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

- 3 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.  
4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend.

## MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

## AMERICA.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweetland of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride!

From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring!

240

*National Song.*

- My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

- 2 My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble, free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## LIFT UP, O LITTLE CHILDREN.

1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voices clear and sweet, And sing the blessed sto - ry Of

Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, And worship at his feet! And worship at his feet! Oh, sing the blessed

CHORUS.  
By permission

sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry Is ris - en—as he said— Is ris - en from the dead!

241

*Easter Carol.*

LIFT up, O little children,  
Your voices clear and sweet,  
And sing the blessed story  
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,  
And worship at his feet!

CHO.—Oh, sing the blessed story!  
The Lord of life and glory  
Is risen—as he said—  
Is risen from the dead!

2 Lift up, O tender lilies,  
Your whiteness to the sun;  
The earth is not our prison,  
Since Christ himself hath risen,  
The life of every one.

CHO.—Oh, sing the blessed story!  
The Lord of life and glory  
Is risen—as he said—  
Is risen from the dead!

3 Ring, all ye bells, in welcome,  
Your chimes of joy again!  
Ring out the night of sadness,  
Ring in the morn of gladness,  
For death no more shall reign.

CHO.—Then sing the blessed story!  
The Lord of life and glory  
Is risen—as he said—  
Is risen from the dead!

1. Make haste, make haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;  
How swift its moments fly!

Time hurries past thee like the breeze;  
For thou so soon must die;  
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live.  
How swift its moments fly!

242

*Close of the year.*

MAKE haste, make haste, O man, to live,

For thou so soon must die;

Time hurries past thee like the breeze,

How swift its moments fly!

Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

2 To breathe, to breathe, and wake and sleep,

To smile, to sigh, and grieve,

To move in idleness through earth—

This, this is not to live!

Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

3 Up, then, up, then, with speed, and work;

Fling ease and self away;

This is no time for thee to sleep;

Up! watch, and work, and pray!

Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

## OH, PRAISE THE SAVIOUR'S HOLY NAME.

1. Oh, praise the Saviour's ho-ly name! Be - fore him bow the knee; From yon bright glorious throne he came, To set the sinner free.

Sing his prais - es! shout ho-san - nas! Blessed be his ho-ly name! Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah! Glory! glory to the Lamb!

Sing his praises! shout hosannas! Blessed be his holy name! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Glory to the Lamb!

243

*"Behold the Lamb!"*

Oh, praise the Saviour's holy name!

Before him bow the knee;

From you bright glorious throne he came,  
To set the sinner free.

2 There is no music half so sweet

As our Redeemer's name;

Oh, sound it out to every clime,  
And say—"Behold the Lamb!"3 Oh, praise him for the love that bore  
Your sorrows and your care;  
Honor and thanks and blessing give—  
So in his glory share.4 Oh, for this love let every heart  
His praises ever sing!  
And when we join with angel-hosts,  
We'll crown the Saviour King.

## CAN A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE ME.

1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting-ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,  
 Pa - tient, kind in all you do: Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:-  
 Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, in heav - en, we thank thee!

244

*A Thanksgiving Hymn.*

CAN a little child, like me,  
 Thank the Father fittingly?  
 Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,  
 Patient, kind in all you do;  
 Love the Lord, and do your part;  
 Learn to say with all your heart:

Father, we thank thee!

Father in heaven, we thank thee!

2 For the fruit upon the tree,  
 For the birds that sing of thee,  
 For the earth in beauty drest,  
 Father, mother and the rest;  
 For thy precious, loving care,  
 For thy bounty everywhere,—

Father, we thank thee!

Father in heaven, we thank thee!

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,  
 For the day and for the night;  
 For the lessons of our youth—  
 Honor, gratitude and truth;  
 For the love that met us here,  
 For the home and for the cheer,—

Father, we thank thee!

Father in heaven, we thank thee!

4 For our comrades and our plays,  
 And our happy holidays;  
 For the joyful work and true  
 That a little child may do;  
 For our lives but just begun;  
 For the great gift of thy Son,—

Father, we thank thee!

Father in heaven, we thank thee!

SINGING FROM THE HEART.

*ff*

1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing in their sport, Sing it from the heart:

Does the Holy Spirit move, For the children of his love—Sing, and point the home above, Sing it from the heart.

By permission,

## CHORUS.

245

*A loving heart.*

If you have a pleasant thought,  
Sing it, sing it;  
As the birds sing in their sport,  
Sing it from the heart:  
Does the Holy Spirit move,  
For the children of his love—  
Sing, and point the home above,  
Sing it from the heart.

2 Every gracious deed of his,  
Sing it, sing it;  
Nothing sounds so well as this,  
Sing it from the heart:

How the Lord walked on the wave—  
Rescued Lazarus from the grave—  
Died our guilty souls to save—  
Sing it from the heart.

3 Are you weary, are you sad—  
Sing it, sing it;  
Make yourselves and others glad,  
Sing it from the heart:  
Angels now before his face  
Sing of Christ's redeeming grace.  
Give the Saviour endless praise,  
Sing it from the heart.

## NOW THE SOWING AND THE WEEPING.

WORK FOR JESUS.

1. Now the sowing and the weep-ing, Working hard and wait-ing long; Af - ter-ward, the  
gold - en reap - ing, Har - vest home and grate-ful song. Then work, work for Je - sus;  
Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the Master bids thee rest From la-bor—when thy work is done.

REFRAIN.

gold - en reap - ing, Har - vest home and grate-ful song. Then work, work for Je - sus;

By permission.

Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the Master bids thee rest From la-bor—when thy work is done.

## 246

*"Afterwards."*

NOW THE SOWING and the weeping,  
Working hard and waiting long;  
Afterward, the golden reaping,  
Harvest home and grateful song.

REF.—Then work, work for Jesus:  
Toil through the cloud or sun;  
Till the Master bids thee rest  
From labor—when thy work is done.

2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing;  
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!  
Afterward, the plenteous bearing  
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,  
Stone by stone to carve and bring:  
Afterward, the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King!

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
Wounded heart, unequal strife;  
Afterward, the triumph given,  
And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,  
Unexplained and tedious now;  
Afterward, the service holy,  
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

CHORUS.

1. { Je - sus hath sought us; Jesus hath bought us; Joy - ful ho - san - nas to him let us raise! }  
 { Cheer - i - ly sing - ing, mer - ri - ly ring - ing, Anthems, loud anthems of ju - bilant praise. } Joy - ful - ly we'll

By permission.

praise him! Cheerful - ly we'll raise him Glad songs—and loud hosannas Shall ascend to Je - sus a - bove;

Joy - ful - ly praise him! cheer - ful - ly raise him Songs of thanks - giv - ing for in - fin - ite love!

## 247

*For Anniversary.*

Jesus hath sought us; Jesus hath bought us;  
 Joyful hosannas to him let us raise!  
 Cheerfully singing, merrily ringing,  
 Anthems, loud anthems of jubilant praise.

CHO.—Joyfully we'll praise him!

Cheerfully we'll raise him  
 Glad songs—and loud hosannas  
 Shall ascend to Jesus above:

Joyfully praise him! cheerfully raise him  
 Songs of thanksgiving for infinite love!

2 Kind friends have taught us; Jesus hath  
 brought us  
 Under this roof where we gather to-day;

Gracious Jehovah, guide and watch over;  
 Look on thy children in mercy, we pray.

3 Keep us and guide us, kindly provide us  
 Comfort and strength for each step of the  
 way;

Mercy and blessing, goodness expressing,  
 Hold us in peace for eternity's day.

4 When thou hast led us, taught us and fed us,  
 Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed  
 along,

Then, gracious Father, thy children gather,  
 Joining in chorus of heaven's new song.

## WHEN SAINTS GATHER ROUND THEE.

1. When saints gath - er round thee, dear Sav - iour, a - bove, And has - ten to  
crown thee with jew - els of love, A - mid those bright mansions of glo - ry so  
fair— Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there! Oh, tell me, oh,  
tell me if I shall be there! Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!

CHORUS.

F. J. permission.

248

*"Shall I be there?"*

WHEN saints gather round thee, dear Saviour,  
above,

And hasten to crown thee with jewels of love,  
Amid those bright mansions of glory so fair—

Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

2 When those, who have labored and struggled  
to save

Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark  
grave,

Are bringing the treasures they gathered with  
care—

Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the  
shore

Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,  
When bright palms of glory the victors shall  
bear—

Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

4 And when in bright garments thy children  
shall stand,

A crown on each forehead, a harp in each  
hand,

And sing of the joys thou hast gone to pre-  
pare—

Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

ST. THEODULPH.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (4/4), G clef, and F major. The middle staff is in common time (4/4), C clef, and F major. The bottom staff is in common time (4/4), F clef, and F major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest." The music features various chords and rests, with some notes tied across measures.

## 249

*The Paradise of Joy.*

For thee, O dear, dear Country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced;  
 The saints built up its fabric,  
 The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;  
 Thou hast no time, bright day:  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away;  
 Upon the Rock of ages  
 They raise thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

## JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL!



1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all! Blest Saviour, hear me when I call; Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place



Pour down the rich - es of thy grace: Pour down the rich - es of thy grace: Je - sus, my Lord,



thee a - dore— Oh, make me love thee more and more! Oh, make me love thee more and more!



250

*"Jesus, my Lord."*

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!  
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;  
Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of thy grace:  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—  
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,  
How can I love thee as I ought?  
And how extol thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of thy name?  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—  
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me  
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that thou hast brought!  
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought:  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—  
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

4 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;  
To thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I am or have is thine,  
And thou, my Saviour, thou art mine!  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—  
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

KREUZNACH.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend -  
ing be - fore the throne, Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.

## 251

*The blessed Sabbath.*

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Bending before the throne,  
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee, our Lord victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The church her voice upraises  
To thee, blest Three in One.

## O SAVIOUR, PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

1. O Saviour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love, O name of might and  
 fav - or, All oth - er names a - bove; We wor - ship thee, we bless thee,  
 To thee a - lone we sing; We praise thee, and con - fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.

252

*An unseen Saviour.*

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
 Whom yet unseen we love,  
 O name of might and favor,  
 All other names above;  
 We worship thee, we bless thee,  
 To thee alone we sing;  
 We praise thee and confess thee,  
 Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought;  
 We worship thee, we bless thee,  
 To thee alone we sing;  
 We praise thee and confess thee,  
 Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In thee all fulness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is thine;  
 We worship thee, we bless thee,  
 To thee alone we sing;  
 We praise thee and confess thee,  
 Our glorious Lord and King.  
 4 Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration  
 And everlasting love;  
 Then shall we praise and bless thee,  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess thee,  
 Our Saviour and our King.

## 253 NETTLETON. 8s &amp; 7s. D.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing.  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet.  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love!  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!  
Seal it for thy courts above.

## 254 TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which  
flowed,

Be of sin the double cure.  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

## 255 RATHBUN. 8s &amp; 7s.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds more lustre to the day.

## 256 MARTYN. 7s. D.

JESUS! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly:

While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;

Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none:  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone.  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

## 257 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy name shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## 258 WOODWORTH. L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse  
each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

## 259 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

MY hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:

REF.—  
On Christ, the solid rock. I stand:  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his  
face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood:  
Support me in the whelming flood:  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

## 260 BOYLSTON. S. M.

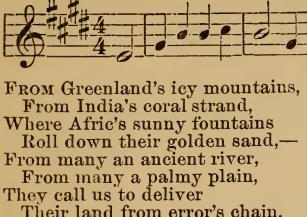
BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
one—  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes.  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

## 261 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, &amp; 6s.



2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinner's slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

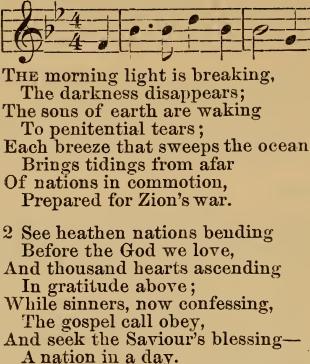
## 262 WORK SONG. 7s &amp; 6s.



Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

## 263 WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.



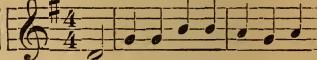
## 264 THE OLD, OLD STORY.



2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon!  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

## 265 CORONATION. C. M.

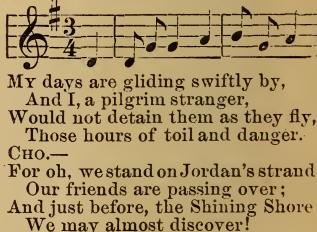


2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all!

## 266 SHINING SHORE.



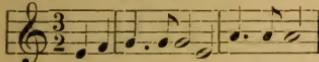
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, Come, and there's  
our home,  
Forever, oh, forever!

267

HEBER. C. M.

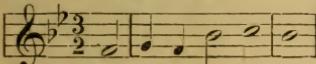


How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear!  
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

268 OLMUTZ. S. M.



NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

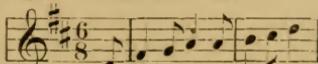
269 OLIVET. 6s &amp; 4s.



My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine;  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.

270 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

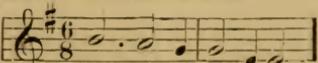


OBEYING thy divine behest,  
We meet, O Christ, to speak of thee:  
Thou art amongst us as a guest,  
We feel it, though we cannot see;  
We seem to breathe in glad surprise,  
An atmosphere of love and bliss,  
And read within each other's eyes,  
To whom it is we owe all this.

2 How quickly every strife will end,  
How soon all idle griefs depart;  
When friend takes counsel thus  
With friend,  
When soul meets soul, and heart  
meets heart!  
We have so many things to say,  
So many failings to confess,  
Time flies, alas! so soon away,  
We cannot half we would express.

3 Oh, let us then, dear Lord, be blest  
With thy sweet presence every day;  
Be with us as our daily guest,  
And our companion on the way.  
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,  
Let us press on to things before;  
Bring us together in thy name,  
Until we meet to part no more.

271 BETHANY. 6s &amp; 4s.



NEARER, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
Ev'n though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

272 STATE STREET. S. M.



I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—  
The house of thine abode—  
The Church our blest Redeemer  
saved

With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

273 LABAN. S. M.



MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thine arduous work will not be  
done.

Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting  
breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

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The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple; Let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him!

## AFTER THE COMMANDMENTS.

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Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee!

## AFTER PRAYER, OR AS A DOXOLOGY.

GLORIA PATRI.

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Glory be to the Father, and . . . . . to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and . . . ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

## BENEDICTION.

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The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ be with you all. A - men.

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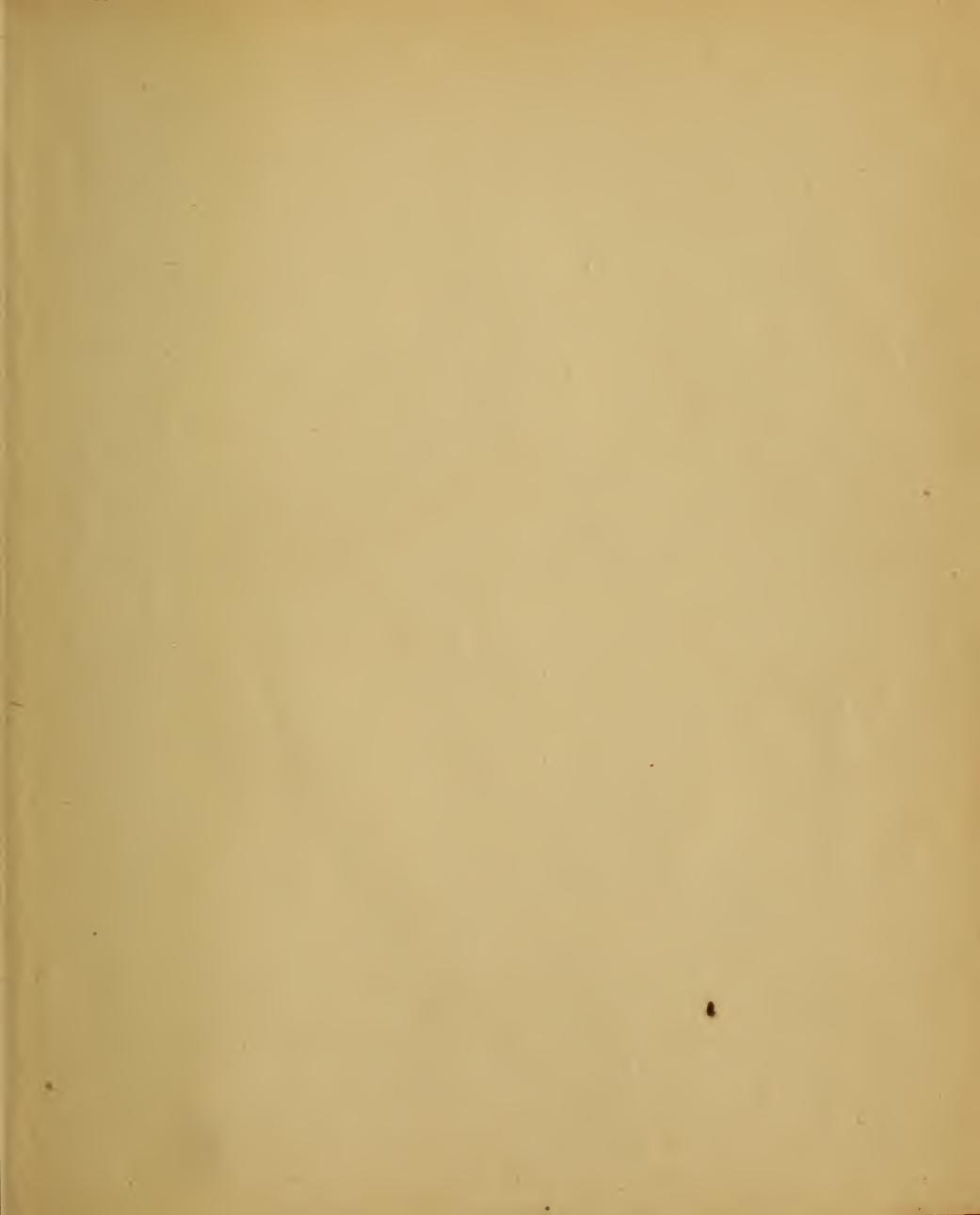
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hast perfected praise?



Because thy loving-kindness is better than  
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Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will  
lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow  
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